

101535

TONIGHT, HE COMES

original screenplay by

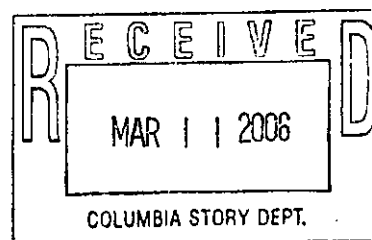
Vy Vincent Ngo

revised draft by

Vince Gilligan

CURRENT REVISION: March 10, 2006

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT INC., OR ITS AFFILIATES (COLLECTIVELY SPE) AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY TO SPE PERSONNEL AND INDIVIDUALS UNDER CONTRACT TO, OR IT IS CONTEMPLATED WILL ENTER INTO A CONTRACT, WITH SPE. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS, OR THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS PROHIBITED.



1 EXT. HIGH OVER LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

1

This is one of those vertigo-inducing shots that gives acrophobes the willies: we're looking straight down on the US Bank Tower, LA's tallest skyscraper. It looms eight hundred feet above downtown. Its roof has a helipad, big spinning HVAC fans...

... And a DUDE who stands hanging his toes off the edge.

2 EXT. BANK TOWER ROOF - CONTINUOUS

2

This guy stares down at the city. Far below, things are quiet. At this hour, there's no traffic, no crowds.

We reveal the guy's face. It's handsome, but weathered. Unshaven. He's fit as hell, but doesn't dress to impress. He wears an old longcoat, t-shirt and jeans. Everything is shades of dark gray -- which matches his mood just fine.

He leans forward, hawks and spits. The glob falls straight and true, disappearing into oblivion.

Satisfied with this wind check, our guy raises his arms out to his sides. He closes his eyes, concentrating deeply. He's trying hard to think of something. What it is, we have no idea -- but he's having trouble coming up with it. He wavers here for a beat or two, frowning, arms outstretched...

... Then gracefully DIVES. He pulls back his arms so that he's falling head-first. His coat flaps around him. His toes point back skyward.

At a hundred and twenty miles an hour, the ground looms up fast. Watching it rush toward him, he doesn't even blink. We fall the whole way with him, until:

3 EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

3

BOOM! He hits like a cannon shell, RATTLING plate glass windows. He hits so freakishly hard that a nearby bus sign rocks on its pole -- WUNKA-WUNKA-WUNKA! The impact ECHOES.

We find our guy EMBEDDED in the concrete up to his shoulders. His legs flop over, his ass sticking up. He looks like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

He TWITCHES once. He's deader than a hammer, right? Actually, no. Because now... he presses his hands to the ground and wrenches his head from the sidewalk. Our guy is ALIVE. Unhurt. Not even bruised or bleeding. He sniffs and flicks cement out of his nostrils, then rises to his feet.

He massages his neck, ruminating. Pondering. As he stands here, he resembles nothing so much as a man who is trying to recall where he left his keys.

Shit. Nothing. Whatever it is he's trying to remember, he can't come up with it. Our guy -- his name is HANCOCK, by the way -- digs concrete crumbs out of one ear. We PULL BACK to reveal...

... SIX other identical HOLES in the sidewalk. Hancock has been doing this all goddamned night.

SHOCK-CUT TO:

4

EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD - DAY

4

WHHHAAAAUUGH! A beat-up old CHEVY VAN speeds straight at us, driving way too fast. It plows right over us.

It is followed by one, two, three, four, FIVE LAPD CRUISERS, sirens wailing. This is a typical Los Angeles police chase -- roaring along surface streets and through neighborhoods.

The van recklessly kicks over into the opposing lane to pass some slow-moving traffic. It SCRAPES a city bus going the other way. PEDESTRIANS scatter, nearly getting mowed down. A NEAR-MISS with a mail truck as the van runs a red light.

This is crazy driving right out of "The French Connection." These guys are gonna kill somebody if they keep this up.

5

INT. LEAD POLICE CRUISER - DAY

5

As seen through the windshield, we're tailing the van -- slowing to cautiously follow it through the red lights. A veteran LAPD SERGEANT is behind the wheel.

Beside him, his PARTNER notices something. Leaning to peer up through the tint band at the top of the windshield, he sees...

... A dark gray OBJECT in the blue sky above. It's flying along, pacing us. It's too small to be a plane or helicopter.

It's... it's a MAN. No wings, no wires, but he's just flying along, a hundred feet up. He drifts in and out of silhouette through the spiky rays of the sun.

The Partner isn't the least bit surprised by this strange sight. He is pissed, however. He frowns at the Sarge, points skyward.

PARTNER

Guess who.

The Sergeant looks up. He gives a sour shake of his head.

SERGEANT

Ah, shit.

6

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

6

The chase speeds along below us. In f.g., HANCOCK shadows it. He's flying with his fists by his sides and his ratty old gray longcoat flapping behind him.

If it didn't dawn on us earlier, we know it now -- Hancock is a SUPERHERO. He's like no superhero we've ever heard of, nor does he dress the part. But he's super nonetheless.

We're over Hancock's shoulder as he peers down at the fleeing Chevy van. He cracks his neck sideways and goes to work.

ZOOM! We FOLLOW ALONG as Hancock Stuka-dives for the old van. Its roof hurtles up at us, bigger and bigger.

7

INT. CHEVY VAN - DAY

7

Three ARMED ROBBERS are in the front seat -- big, scary biker types with lots of prison tats. These are dudes so hardcore and methed-out, you'd cross a freeway to avoid them.

WHOOOMP. Something touches down on the roof. BLUMP-BLUMP. The sheet steel tupperwares under the tread of something heavy. The thugs glance back behind them.

RIP-RIP! Hands knife one-two through the roof and tear it like paper. Reddish sun pours inside the rear of the van.

DRIVER

Oh, shit! GET HIM OFF!

THUG #2

Shoot him, Bob. SHOOT HIM!

"Bob," the third man, is ARYAN BOB -- a wild-eyed slab of muscle. He draws his silver nine and takes aim.

The roof ripped wide open, Hancock unceremoniously plops down into an empty seat behind the three. Relaxed and unimpressed.

ARYAN BOB

WANT SOME OF THIS, BITCH?! HUH?

THUG #2

SHOOT HIM! CAP HIS ASS!

ARYAN BOB

I'LL DO IT, MAN! I WILL DO IT! --

HANCOCK

Yeah, yeah.

(to Driver)

Pull over. You're gonna hurt somebody.

DRIVER
BOB, DO SOMETHING! --

Bob nods frantically, getting his nut up. Suddenly he YELLS and cuts loose. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

8 EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS 8

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The van SWERVES all over the place, SIDESWIPING a couple of cars. Tires smoke. Hubcaps go rolling. The five police cruisers brake and hang back.

9 INT. CHEVY VAN - CONTINUOUS 9

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Bullets FLATTEN against Hancock's impervious chest. It doesn't hurt -- but it does vaguely annoy him.

HANCOCK
Jesus. Whatta you three shitheads been smoking?

Aryan Bob fumbles to reload, but he's out of bullets.

HANCOCK
Alright, you calm now? Everybody shot their wad? Everyone got it outta their system?
(to the Driver)
You, pull over. Not gonna ask you again.

Breathing fast, the three criminals glance to one another, trying to figure out their next move.

ARYAN BOB
Why should we? You ain't the law!
(thumbs back at the cops)
They're the law! You ain't SHIT!

THUG #2
That's right, you're interfering! You got no legal... like, due process of, uh...

DRIVER
-- You can't arrest us! You can't even citizen-arrest us! You're not a citizen!

ARYAN BOB
You're NOBODY! Ask the cops!

Hancock has been calm throughout. But now, these three have somehow hit a RAW NERVE. His expression darkens. He could just reach over and pull the keys out of the ignition...

... But he doesn't. Instead, WHAM! He SLAMS his foot through the floorboards!

10 EXT. UNDER THE CHEVY VAN - CONTINUOUS

10

The driveshaft gets driven downward and breaks loose, skittering and spraying yellow sparks against the pavement. Hancock's heel tears into the asphalt, digging a friction-molten rut. His sneaker immediately BURNS AWAY to nothing, leaving his foot bare.

BANG! A rear tire BLOWS. The van SKIDS SIDEWAYS, saying farewell to the pavement and going airborne.

11 INT. CHEVY VAN - CONTINUOUS

11

As seen from inside, suddenly it's like being in a Cuisinart. Earth-sky-earth-sky blurs past. The three thugs SCREAM for their lives and bounce off each other like bowling pins.

12 EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

12

The van barrel-rolls into frame, plowing through everything in its path. Sparks shower off the asphalt like the Fourth of July. Cars get ping-ponged left and right, causing other crashes.

The van scours along on its side, right into a BOAT DEALERSHIP. It slams through the bow of a gleaming, factory-fresh YACHT, which thunders down off its supports and KA-BOOMS through the storefront -- then breaks in half and wobble-wobbles to a stop.

Cruisers pull up behind the wrecked van. COPS come jogging over. They survey the damage, wide-eyed.

It's like a tornado hit this intersection. The boat dealership is totaled. A car has crashed through the front of an Iranian bakery -- its OWNERS are screaming in Farsi. A broken hydrant shoots water fifty feet in the air. A phone pole snaps and falls, dropping a long tangle of wires.

The back door of the van KICKS OPEN. Hancock steps out, unharmed. The three shell-shocked THUGS crawl out on hands and knees behind him. They're banged up good, but they'll live.

Hancock glances around at the millions of dollars in property damage. He shuts his eyes -- oh, fuck. This is a fiasco. The Sergeant and his men glare at Hancock, who gets defensive.

HANCOCK

What? You got 'em, right?

(off their silence)

Oh yeah, so I guess if that was a donut truck, ya'll woulda figured out how to stop it an hour ago.

Cops and crooks are momentarily united by their intense dislike for this superhero. Hancock stalks off down the street in his ONE SHOE, muttering under his breath. His work is done here.

13 EXT. DIVE BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

13

We're in Koreatown. Picture the "The H.M.S. Bounty" across from the Ambassador Hotel -- this place is a fifties Naugahyde dump.

14 INT. DIVE BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

14

Dark and downbeat. It's mostly empty, save for a few hardcore DRINKERS and a big table of slumming USC STUDENTS. Out of sight in the back, Hancock sits by himself in a booth. His eyes are on a hanging TV. The NEWS shows footage of the van crash.

Hancock keeps a jaundiced eye on this report as he takes a huge bite out of a triple cheeseburger. Empty plates scattered with short rib bones, corn cobs, remnants of hot dogs and onion rings fill the table. Milk shake cups, sodas, 22-ounce beer glasses... Hancock's talent for eating is as stunning as his other superhuman abilities.

This is a man using food to stave off unhappiness on a scale we've never seen before.

On the television, the POLICE CHIEF talks to reporters.

POLICE CHIEF (ON TV)

Understand -- no other police department in the world has Hancock as part of their daily equation. This gentleman, this private citizen, is not on the city payroll. We have never requested his assistance. But as you know, there's not much we can do about his presence. So, as long as Mr. Hancock chooses to play at fighting crime... situations like this morning will continue to occur.

Hancock shakes his head and snorts through a mouthful of burger. But we can see it in his eyes...

... He's stung by this. He's heard it all before, no doubt. But underneath his hard-ass shell, it hurts his feelings.

REVELERS SINGING (O.S.)

Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday to you... Happy biiiirthday, dear Martin...

Somebody's getting serenaded. Idly curious, Hancock turns and peeks his head out of the booth.

The big, raucous table of USC STUDENTS are singing to one of their own. The BIRTHDAY BOY laughs and shakes his head. He bears a slight resemblance to Hancock -- except that he's happy.

Hancock eyes the party, envious. Looks kinda fun. Suddenly, this entire table NOTICES him, and it's like watching the air leak out of a balloon. Their singing trails off to a mumble.

REVELERS

...Happy... birthday to... ...you.

They avert their eyes and whisper to themselves. Think Michael Jackson at Gymboree -- that's how welcome Hancock feels.

He pulls his head back into his booth, a pariah. He sits and stews and eats. Ah, the hell with it -- the hell with everybody. Who fuckin' cares?

His WAITRESS steps over to his table. She's young. Kinda cute.

YOUNG WAITRESS

Sir? Can I get you something else?

HANCOCK

(with his mouth full)

What's that, like "get lost?" "Pay up and hit the bricks?"

She looks confused. Hancock sees she's only being nice, and he softens. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

HANCOCK

Nah. How much I owe you?

He pulls a crumpled handful of cash from his pocket. The Waitress keeps her voice low, so as not to be heard by her boss.

YOUNG WAITRESS

I didn't charge you for the beers.

(off his surprise)

I got this friend? You pulled her out of a burning car. She woulda been dead if it wasn't for you. So... no charge for the beers.

She shrugs and smiles. Hancock considers this as he picks his teeth with his thumbnail. He nods his appreciation.

She really is cute. He definitely notices. She lingers here wanting to say more, but isn't sure how. He waits patiently.

YOUNG WAITRESS

W-When you, uh. When you... fly. What's that feel like?

She glances bashfully at her shoes, then into his eyes. Off Hancock, studying her with growing interest:

15

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

15

The sea is calm. The lights of distant oil rigs and boats at anchor twinkle like stars. Under the full moon, we can make out the dark mountains of the Channel Islands.

Into this frame flies Hancock, effortlessly carrying the Waitress in his arms. She hugs his neck tight, eyes wide, taking in the view. They're only a few feet off the deck -- so low that their passing leaves a WAKE in the ocean.

Hancock breathes the salt air, likes it. He gains altitude, maybe a thousand feet, and they soar up over the coastline. They follow it south from Point Dume to Santa Monica.

Hancock looks to the Waitress. She's beaming -- scared and thrilled at the same time. Hancock smiles despite himself. This is old hat to him, but for one brief moment he can see it fresh through her eyes.

HANCOCK

(yells over the wind)

You wanna try it? --

YOUNG WAITRESS

(can't hear)

What? --

He shifts her so that he's holding her beneath him, his hands gripping her waist. They both fly headlong. In this configuration, she gets to see what it feels like to be him -- to fly with your arms out and nothing beneath you but ocean.

She loves it -- but the windstream is whipping her hair in her face and making her eyes water and squint. Meanwhile... Hancock's hands sneak up from her waist to cup her BREASTS.

The Waitress notices, but she's preoccupied with her purse. At this speed, it's bang-banging into her side and the strap is digging deep in her shoulder. As she fiddles with it, her rabbit foot KEY RING goes tumbling out into the Pacific.

YOUNG WAITRESS

Oh shit, my car keys! --

HANCOCK

What? --

YOUNG WAITRESS

Car keys! Keys! --

(they're long gone)

Ah, shit. Forget it. Never mind.

This cuts into the romantic ambience a bit. Off the Waitress wiping hair from her eyes, her cheeks RIPPLING in the wind:

16

INT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

16

Hancock bumps opens the door with his back. He and the Waitress enter joined at the lips, kissing madly.

Hancock swipes on the lights. They break for air and the Waitress glances around the place. It's not what she expected. She was probably hoping for the Fortress of Solitude.

This is a small studio, nothing fancy. Boring furniture. Dirty clothes are piled in a corner. What few knick-knacks there are date way back to God knows when -- eight-track tapes, a dried-up lava lamp, a long-dead Chia Pet. Not one single family photo.

In the kitchenette, one plate, one knife, one fork and one glass rest in the sink. Water PLINKS from the faucet. The trash can overflows with Swanson "Dinner For One" boxes.

Hancock pulls off his coat, kicks off his shoes. The Waitress fixes her hair in a mirror -- and notices the CHESS SETS which lie about the apartment. There are a half-dozen antique BOARDS here, with pieces carved of wood and ivory. Some are beautiful.

YOUNG WAITRESS

You like chess, huh?

HANCOCK

Yeah, I guess. Old stuff, I like. That one's from the 1840s.

YOUNG WAITRESS

Wow.

Not here to talk chess, Hancock takes her by the hand and gently leads her to the double futon. She smiles nervously. They sit down, get comfortable.

She draws back a little. She's willing but... skittish.

HANCOCK

What?

She shrugs, has a hard time looking him in the eye.

YOUNG WAITRESS

I dunno. I maybe... heard things.

HANCOCK

Yeah?

YOUNG WAITRESS

Good and all. But. I mean...

HANCOCK

Rumors.

She nods, glancing up at him. He takes her chin in his fingers and kisses her soft as a feather. This calms her.

HANCOCK

We can stop right now.

She smiles, shakes her head. She lies back on the futon. They kiss some more. Then she notices the ceiling overhead.

Directly above, several chunks of PLASTER are missing, having broken loose. What are those, bullet holes?

YOUNG WAITRESS
What happened there?

HANCOCK
(evasive)
Nothing. Don't worry about it.

She forgets it as Hancock kisses her. Lies beside her. Reaches out of frame to pull down his jeans. Their clothes come off, get tossed hither and yon.

Hancock mounts her, gentle enough. Floorboards creak, the Waitress giggles -- it's not particularly romantic, no Zamfir pan flute in the background, but so far, so good.

Faster now. Hancock rolls them over so that she's on top. It's all framed discreetly, very PG-13, but we get the idea. Faster. Hancock, no marathoner, is getting close. His eyes squeeze shut.

HANCOCK
Okay... Okay... Slow up...

The Waitress is having a good time, isn't listening.

HANCOCK
Slow up. Whoa. Whoa. Whoa!

Too late. Hancock's eyes pop open. He THROWS the Waitress -- WHOOSH! -- FIFTEEN FEET across the room! She lands with a high bounce off the sofa, then comes safely to rest.

Just in the nick of time. We stay framed on her, her eyes wide with amazement, as we hear BLAP! BLAP! Chunks of CEILING PLASTER tumble through foreground. Dust sifts down.

Having denied her his essence -- and thus saved her life -- Hancock falls back on the futon, spent. Oy.

The Waitress gingerly eases forward... eyes rooted on the ceiling above her. It's got a couple of new HOLES in it now.

This young woman is freaked.

17 INT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

Five minutes later. Hancock pours himself six fingers of bourbon, drinks half of it down in one gulp. Alone, he sits on the edge of his futon, staring out his window.

He calls out to the closed bathroom door.

HANCOCK

I appreciate you being cool about that.
I mean, you know... I am superhuman.
Certain accommodations gotta be made.
(off the silence)
You good with that?

YOUNG WAITRESS (O.S.)

Yeah. Absolutely.

Hancock rises and wanders to the bathroom door.

HANCOCK

Hey, uh... I was thinking. You ever been
to Angel Falls? It's this waterfall in
Venezuela, a mile high. It's really
something.

(tries to be nonchalant)

I could fly us there. We could get you,
like, some kinda helmet so your face won't
tear off -- 'cause I'd need to go pretty
fast. But... I dunno. Whaddya think?
Sound good?

He traces a finger down the doorframe and awaits an answer.
Silence. He knocks lightly, but still nothing.

Hancock eases open the door. The little bathroom is EMPTY. The
window stands open, the curtains pushed out.

Down at the bottom of the fire escape, the Young Waitress can be
glimpsed escaping barefoot up the silent street. Carrying her
shoes so they won't make noise.

Hancock watches her, feeling low and unloved. He's too depressed
to be angry, even. Off him:

18 CLOSE - A BABY STROLLER

18

Sans baby, fills frame. Fresh off the assembly line, it's one of
those hip jogging strollers with the big, fast wheels.

RAY EMBREY squats down into frame, rolls it back and forth.
Examines it closely. Ray's a nice-looking professional, 35.

YOUNG OWNER (O.S.)

Ray, I tell you, my stomach's in knots
over this thing.

RAY

I can imagine.

Ray stands up. We are:

INT. MANUFACTURING CENTER - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Visible through big windows is a factory floor where WORKERS build strollers. This isn't a rich concern like Playskool. It's just ten thousand square feet in some industrial park.

We're in the front office, looking down on the factory below. Ray is here with the young COMPANY OWNER, a slick guy in his twenties. A sharky LAWYER in a Brioni suit accompanies him. Hanging back a little is the FOREMAN, a beefy, down-to-earth guy in his late fifties.

They all surround the STROLLER, the subject of this meeting.

RAY

So, what's wrong with the brakes?

YOUNG OWNER

Nothing. Technically, they're fine.

RAY

"Technically?" What's that mean, "technically?"

YOUNG OWNER

It means... they're fine.

RAY

Except that they're getting you sued. Do the brakes work or not? Will they hold a stroller on a hill?

The Owner looks to the Lawyer, who glances to the Foreman. The Foreman scratches at his neck and stares at the floor.

RAY

Guys..?

SHARKY LAWYER

Define "hill."

RAY

(amazed and disgusted)

Define "hill." Okay, a "hill" is a big, sloping mound of earth -- which this company is careening down on its way into the huge, stinking pile of doo-doo at the bottom.

(to the Foreman)

Jimmy, why are your guys putting in bad brakes?

The Foreman, weighted down with guilt, shoots an angry glare at his young boss before he answers.

FOREMAN

Because they're ninety cents cheaper.

Ray sighs, shakes his head. He turns to the Young Owner.

RAY

David, what would your Dad say? He took pride in building a quality product. C'mon, buddy -- you're gonna wreck everything he worked for for a measly ninety cents a unit?!

SHARKY LAWYER

Ray, if you don't mind, stick to what we're paying you for.

YOUNG OWNER

Exactly. I just wanna talk PR. How do we get out ahead of this thing?

Ray looks around at these men. Everyone awaits his counsel. We see it in his face, his demeanor -- he needs this job. And yet, he can't help but blurt out:

RAY

Fix the goddamned brakes.

He throws up his hands -- *obvious!* He grabs the stroller by the handle, rolls it back and forth.

RAY

Guys, this is a baby stroller. Babies ride in this -- teeny, tiny babies with soft, squishy little heads. If they go rolling willy-nilly down the street, take it from me: you got yourself a PR problem! Not to mention... it's immoral!

(defines for the Lawyer)

"Morality." Principles of right and wrong in human conduct.

YOUNG OWNER

Jesus, Ray. Lighten up.

RAY

David, I am telling you the cardinal rule of good public relations: it's having the public believe in you.

(to everybody)

Do a product recall.

The old Foreman smiles proudly -- he couldn't agree more.

However, the Young Owner and his Lawyer couldn't agree less. The way they look to one another...

... Ray knows damn well he's FIRED.

19

INT. OLD SAAB - DAY

19

Ray flops his head back and looses an angry, PRIMAL YELL.

RAY

WAY TO GO, RAY! Outstanding! Yeah, you
don't have to eat this month!

He yanks loose his tie. This Saab was new during Reagan's first term. It gets washed regularly, but it's faded and showing some rust. Ray is driving alone, and way too fast. He SWERVES as he dials his cell phone.

Ray hits the brakes, SQUEALING to a stop behind a line of bumper-to-bumper traffic. He exhales and leaves a message.

RAY

(into the phone)

Hey. Guess who just got fired. Again.
Three guesses. Funny story. Not funny
ha-ha, but...

(long sigh)

Alright, no big deal. Maybe I'll try you
on your cell.

Traffic is bumper-to-bumper in front of Ray and behind him. Creep a few inches, then stop. Ray pays no attention to his surroundings.

RAY

Anyway, if you get this before I reach
you, don't worry about it. I love you,
Mary. That was it. And, uh... things are
gonna... things are gonna pan out. Like
you say. So...

TIGHT on Ray. Cars behind him suddenly HONK for no apparent reason. Frantic HONKING. Ray cups his hand over the phone.

RAY

SHUT UP WITH THAT!

DING-DING-DING-DING! What the hell now? As seen through the rear window, something striped black and white lowers through frame. Realization hits.

20

EXT. OLD SAAB - DAY

20

We're at a Metro Rail crossing. We're ON a Metro Rail crossing, and the guard arms have lowered, trapping us on the tracks. Two hundred yards off, a huge watery headlight shimmers, speeding our way. An AIRHORN wails.

RAY
 (into phone; sick)
 Ah. You know what I just did..?

21 INT. OLD SAAB - DAY

21

Ray doesn't finish. It dawns on him he's about to die.

He jams the Saab in reverse, but there's no backing up -- no going forward, either. There's no squeezing between the steel gate arms, and traffic is gridlocked, besides.

Out the side window, the train is screaming straight at us. Ray grabs for the door latch -- which SNAPS OFF in his hand! He WHAMS the door with his shoulder, but there's no time!

Seen through the rear window behind him, a flash of gray drops down into view -- HANCOCK.

22 EXT. RAIL CROSSING - DAY

22

Hancock squats low and hefts the rear bumper. He lifts the Saab and tosses it like a beach ball, out of the path of the speeding train. A fraction of a second before --

-- WHAM! The train NAILS Hancock, sending him ragdolling through the air and -- BOOM! -- right through the side of a parked trailer. The steel gets ripped like a beer can.

BAM! The Saab lands hard on its nose. It balances there a moment as train cars rush by behind it. Creeeeak... it FALLS on its roof, landing ATOP a gridlocked Cadillac. BOOOM!

Shocked witnesses climb out of their cars. The Saab's broken door opens with a kick-kick-kick.

Ray spills out of his upside-down vehicle, shaken but unhurt. He peers into the Cadillac he landed on, checks the driver.

RAY
 Are you alright?

It's a little INDIAN LADY in her sixties. She still grips the steering wheel, her knuckles white. She manages a nod.

She's unhurt. Ray now looks to the hole in trailer, growing nervous. No sign of Hancock. Was he killed?

That's what other folks are wondering, too. But finally... Whew! Out of the trailer jumps Hancock. He cracks his neck and dusts himself off, walking our way.

He frowns at Ray's Saab upside-down atop the Caddy. Shit. It's shades of yesterday, and his fiasco with the yacht.

He checks on the Indian Lady, helps her out of her car.

HANCOCK

How you doing there, Sweetheart? Speakee English? You good?

INDIAN LADY

I'm... I think so...

HANCOCK

Yeah? 'Cause I tell you what -- you should sue this dumbass for everything he owns.

Meaning Ray. Hancock turns face-to-face with him now.

HANCOCK

Professor Einstein, help me out here.
What kinda cheese dick gets himself stuck on the train tracks?
(points to the crowd)
You don't let these assholes box you in.
You gun it, man! You plow right through!

Ray wisely doesn't argue. Hancock calls out to the crowd.

HANCOCK

All of ya'll blocking the intersection -- this old lady says "Job well done!"
Congratulations!
(indicates her car)
See? See what happens?!

GUY IN THE BACK

YOU'RE the one threw the dude's car at her!

The crowd MURMURS in agreement. A pouty COLLEGE GIRL speaks up.

COLLEGE GIRL

Why couldn't you have just, like, lifted it straight up in the air? You could have gone straight up!

Folks nod and agree. They're getting more vocal now, becoming indignant. Ray watches in silence, confused.

HANCOCK

Oh, I'm sorry, I keep forgetting -- this shit I do is easy! Right!

He slaps himself on the forehead. A few BOOS sound out from the back. A NURSE steps forward. She's an older black woman, large and formidable -- not intimidated by Hancock in the least.

NURSE

So we're supposed to be all grateful?
(wriggling her fingers)
(MORE)

NURSE (cont'd)

"Oh, Hancock -- thank you so-oo much! How did we ever live without you?! Hallelujah, Jesus! Let's all line up and kiss your big, stinky feet!"

HANCOCK

(under his breath)

Kiss my ass, why don't you.

NURSE

I heard that! Ain't nobody invited you, Hancock! Nobody likes you anyway. You should fly your ass back to wherever it is you came from!

(points accusingly)

And I smell that liquor on your breath.

She nods back at the crowd. They HOOT and cheer her on. They all feel the same way. Hancock is stung by this -- *you lousy goddamned ingrates!*

CREEP IN on Ray, who shakes his head, bewildered. Troubled. In the midst of this superhero hate-fest, he yells out:

RAY

Dammit, the man saved my LIFE!

He yells it so forcefully it startles everyone, Ray included. All eyes turn to Ray... who speaks from the heart.

RAY

My entire life flashed before my eyes. Honest to God, just like they tell you -- it actually did.

(off the silence)

Do you understand? I get to go home tonight. I get to be with my family.

Just thinking about this, he trails off, his eyes going distant. He's truly moved. He looks to them once more.

RAY

Whatever else you wanna say about him... he gave me that.

Ray pins the Nurse with a steady gaze. The older woman shrugs and looks away -- *whatever*. The crowd stays quiet.

RAY

Thank you, Hancock. Thank you.

Ray CLAPS, slowly at first, urging the others to join him. He keeps it up until maybe half of the others clap, too.

Hancock looks around, mystified. He's definitely not used to applause, no matter how tepid. He's unsure how to react.

He looks again to Ray's sad old Saab, lying upside-down atop the Cadillac. He considers it for a moment.

HANCOCK

(grudgingly)

S'pose you're gonna want help with that.

This is his misanthropic way of saying "you're welcome."

23

EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - DAY

23

We're in a quiet block of well-kept houses in a middle-class neighborhood. A few MEXICAN GARDENERS are across the street, planting flowers and blowing leaves. Noticing a SHADOW pass over them, they look up in amazement.

Down into frame floats Hancock, carrying Ray's busted-up SAAB over his head and coming in for a landing. Ray sits behind the wheel, grinning like a loon. Staring out in wide wonder. He loves this amazing means of transportation.

Ray leans out his window, calling out directions to Hancock.

RAY

The next one over. To your left, with the cedar roof. It's... your other left. That's it, there you go.

BLA-BLUMP! Hancock sets the Saab down in the driveway of a sweet little three-bedroom Cape Cod. He wipes his oily hands on his pants. Ray climbs out and stands beaming at his house. He's so happy to see it again.

Giddy, he turns to the gardeners across the way.

RAY

Guys, I'm ALIVE! --

(thumps his chest)

Yo vivo, hermanos! Yo vivo!

Okay, so his Spanish isn't perfect -- but he throws out his hands like Zorba the Greek. The gardeners just stare, their leaf blower going putt-putt-putt. They give Hancock the stink-eye. Like everyone else in LA, they have little use for this superman.

Ray notices. Pretending he doesn't, he turns to Hancock.

RAY

Hey, you eat, right? Human food?

Hancock stares flatly -- *what kinda dumbass question is that?*

HANCOCK

Yeah. I eat.

RAY

Yeah, course you do. Lemme fix you something!

(nods toward the house)

C'mon, you hungry? Man, I don't know about you, but I'm starving! Must be something about cheating death.

Ray heads for his house. He glances back at Hancock and motions him on, smiling -- yes! Come!

Hancock considers, looking vaguely dyspeptic. Not even sure why he's doing it, he follows. As Ray climbs the steps to his front door he SINGS in his best Barry Gibb falsetto:

RAY

Ah-ah-ah-ah, stayin' alive, stayin' alive.
Ah-ah-ah-ah, stayin' alliii-iiii-iii --

HANCOCK

Stop.

RAY

(instantly chastened)

Okay.

24

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

24

This place is modest, but bright, comfy and warm. There are toys scattered about. The furnishings are mostly antiques, but no white-glove stuff. There are Shaker chairs, a Chinese rice basket, an African stool. Funky and eclectic, yet tasteful.

Wandering around, Hancock finds the place interesting despite himself. It's not every day he gets invited to someone's home. In fact, this is probably a first. Plus, the old furnishings seem to speak to him.

He picks up a little sculpture of an Indian fertility god. Noting its gigantic WANG, he promptly sets it down again.

25

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

25

Ray slathers cream cheese onto the top slice of a baguette.

RAY

Come and get it!

Hancock wanders into the room. Ray hands him his sandwich.

RAY

This is one my wife taught me. Cream cheese, bean sprouts, dried cranberries and this really healthy, free-range ham. "Free range?" Is that right? Maybe that's only for chickens.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

Anyways, it sounds hippie-dippie, but it is awesome. Hey, grab yourself something to drink.

Ray talks a mile-a-minute, still adrenalized from his brush with mortality. Hancock eats his sandwich one-handed as he pokes through the fridge. He pulls out a six-pack of beer.

RAY

Good God, you saved my life, and here I'm offering you a measly sandwich?! I owe you big-time. Huge! I've been wracking my brain trying to figure out how I can possibly pay you back.

HANCOCK

Lemme eat in peace and we're cool.

Hancock lines up all six beers on the counter, popping the top on every can. He swigs down the first in one long gulp, then moves to the next.

RAY

Wow. What's the name of your fraternity? Just kidding. That's really, uh. Impressive. Anyway, so a thought occurred to me while I was watching you and that crowd: I realize maybe I can help you.

Ray digs a business card from his wallet. Hancock finishes his sandwich, licks clean his fingers, then takes the card.

"EMBREY PUBLIC RELATIONS -- Ray Embrey, President," it says.

HANCOCK

Public relations.

(lets out a snort)

Yeah, right. Like I need PR.

He grabs beer number three while he roots through the fridge again. Ray isn't easily deterred.

RAY

How'd you like that applause? That must have been a change of pace, having people show you some appreciation.

HANCOCK

People appreciate me.

RAY

No offense, but I beg to differ. I read the paper, watch the news. The way they cover you? If it was me I'd sue for libel.

On the counter, Hancock arranges a pack of hot dogs, a slab of American cheese, a jar of mayonnaise and a can of honey-roasted peanuts. Ray stares at this assortment of items, wondering how they're all supposed to go together.

HANCOCK

People appreciate me fine. And the ones who don't? Hell with 'em. They can kiss my sweet Kevlar ass. It's for me, baby. I do my thing for me.

He assembles as he talks -- a wet, cold hot dog gets pulled from its packet, wrapped doobie-style with a slice of cheese, dipped in mayo, then rolled in peanuts.

The result looks like a cross between almond roca and something that came out of a dog's butt. Hancock chomps it down and chases it with beer. The guy's a pig. Ray watches in grossed-out fascination.

RAY

Ah. You wanna... maybe a napkin? Roll of paper towels?
(a beat)
A mop?

Hancock, not listening, assembles another one. Taking the last hot dog, he tips the empty bag to his mouth and drinks the pink hot dog juice. It dribbles down his chin.

HANCOCK

Applause. What I need with clapping?
People smiling, being nice?
(shrugs and chews)
I could give two shits what people think of me.

Ray sees through him like glass.

RAY

Bull.

HANCOCK

Bull?

RAY

Bull. Crapola. You don't mean a word of that! C'mon.

Hancock glares at him, not liking to be seen as vulnerable. Ray doesn't back down. He gets this guy -- the hard-shell swagger that covers up the loneliness. He says simply:

RAY

Hancock, who doesn't want to be loved?

Hancock squirts an entire can of Cheez-Whiz in his mouth as he considers this.

HANCOCK
(his mouth full)
So you gonna make 'em love me. How?

RAY
I've got a few ideas. Some of it comes down to image refinement, stuff like that. But mainly, it's about telling people a story.

HANCOCK
What story?

RAY
The story of you. The story you haven't been telling them. Sure, you've got some rough edges... but you're the most selfless individual I've ever heard of. You're not even getting paid for it, but 365 days a year you save people's lives. Once we get folks thinking in those terms, what's not to love?

Hancock is silent a moment. Then he lets rip with a super BELCH that puffs out the window curtains. Ray looks pained.

RAY
And little things like that: we'd probably wanna start there.
(a beat)
I know I can help you, if you'll let me. I'd really love to try.

Hancock sighs, finally finishes eating. He folds his arms.

HANCOCK
You got a resume I can look at?

RAY
Uh. Absolutely! I'll be right back.

Ray hurries upstairs, psyched. Once he's out of sight... Hancock grabs up all the food he can carry. It's a blow-off. He means to split.

26 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - DAY

26

Right this moment, behind Ray's Saab, a MINIVAN pulls in the driveway. It has a "Let Peace Begin With Me" bumper sticker.

MARY EMBREY climbs out of the driver's seat and into our story. Although she doesn't dress for this effect, she's a head-turner -- naturally, uncoiffed, unprimed beautiful.

She doesn't seem to know it, which is more attractive still. She wears big, arty bracelets and no watch. Her clothes are inexpensive and a touch hippie -- not that of a soccer mom. But she is a mom, and loves being one.

Right now, she stares with great concern at the CAVED-IN ROOF of Ray's old Saab. She turns to nine year-old AARON, who climbs out the other side of the minivan. He sees it, too.

They look at each other only a moment, then hurry to the house.

27

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS

27

Hancock crosses toward the front door, his arms full of food. Reaching for the knob, he drops a box of Yodels. Just as he bends to pick it up --

-- WHAM! The front door flies open, catching him right on the top of the head. Lucky he's superhuman. The big door vibrates WHUBBA-WHUBBA like it smashed into an anvil.

MARY

Jesus, what was --

Hancock stands up to find himself face-to-face with Mary. Who promptly SCREAMS.

MARY

WHHAAAH!

It just slips out. Aaron hangs back behind her, bug-eyed. He's frozen at the sight of this infamous superhero.

HANCOCK

Hey.

Mary stares at him, her mouth working.

MARY

W-What are you doing here?

She glances at the food in his arms. Hancock scoops up his Yodels, self-conscious.

HANCOCK

Uh. What's-His-Name said I could have all this.

MARY

"What's-His-Name?"

(calls over his shoulder)

Ray? RAY!

RAY (O.S.)

HEY, MARY! HEY, AARON! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN! HAVE YOU MET OUR GUEST?!

Mary turns back to Hancock, bewildered. By now, Hancock has definitely noticed how good she looks. That Ray, or whatever his name is, is one lucky guy.

HANCOCK

Hancock. Nice to meet you. Mary, is it?

Mary eyes him closely -- utterly thrown by this situation. Hancock shoots a nod to Aaron, who remains petrified.

HANCOCK

Hey, big man. How's it hangin'?

Aaron eases into hiding behind his mother.

HANCOCK

(to Mary)

Sorry.

(a beat)

So. The guy upstairs. Ray. You're... what. His wife?

He's trying to be cool about it, but we recognize the look in his eyes -- it's attraction. It's interest. He's no longer thinking about bolting out the door.

Ray comes pounding down the stairs, breathless and smiling. He's got his resume in hand. He beams at Mary and Aaron.

RAY

Can you believe it? He saved my life today.

Mary looks from Ray to Hancock, more surprised still. Her concern shifts back to her husband. Ray notes the food in Hancock's arms.

RAY

Man, you must really be hungry.

(brightening)

Whaddya say you stay for dinner?

Mary shines No! to Ray with her eyes, but he's oblivious. Hancock sees it, but so what? He's used to that. Plus, he's taken by Mary. She's what's keeping him here, to be sure.

HANCOCK

Yeah. What the hell.

28 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

28

CLOSE ON a place setting that is PILED with dirty dishes. Hancock has just eaten a meal that would sate a football team. He sucks the marrow from one last turkey leg, then licks all ten fingers. Finished, he glances up from his plate to notice...

... Ray, Mary and Aaron sit watching him. Ray smiles uneasily. Mary doesn't. Aaron looks fearful.

Hancock yanks his napkin from his collar. To Mary -- who is doing her best to tolerate him -- he gives a big thumbs-up.

HANCOCK

My compliments to the cook. That was...

He nods and covers his mouth, unsuccessfully stifling a BELCH. He smiles at Aaron, pointing at the boy's dinner.

HANCOCK

Gotta eat everything on your plate if you wanna grow up big and strong.

RAY

That's right, Aaron -- how'd you like to grow up to be like Hancock?

Aaron nods politely. Mary wipes her mouth on her napkin.

MARY

(flat)

Yeah, that'd be something.

Subtle, but ouch. Ray glances nervously at his wife. Hancock smiles and takes it in stride. He studies little Aaron, not wanting the boy to be scared of him. To that end, he reaches in his pocket, pulls out a penny.

HANCOCK

Hey Aaron, you wanna see a trick? C'mere, watch this.

He sets the coin in his outstretched palm, holds it for Aaron to see. At his father's prompting, the boy dutifully slides out of his chair and eases toward Hancock.

HANCOCK

Alright. This seems to work better with nickels for some reason, but let's see what we get.

Hancock presses a thumb against the penny, rubbing it in a slow circle. Squeezing like a vise. Abe Lincoln's head grows to the size of Marlon Brando's. The penny, all shiny, paper-thin and irregular, winds up filling Hancock's palm.

HANCOCK

There you go. Careful, it's hot.

He gives it to Aaron, who has to flip it back and forth in his little hands to cool it. The boy isn't scared anymore -- just thrilled. Ray is pretty damn impressed, too.

RAY

Wow! What do you say?

AARON

(grinning)

Thank you.

Hancock smiles and nods "you're welcome." He's good with the boy. Gentle. Clearly, he's charming when he wants to be.

Aaron holds it up for Mary to see. She forces a smile, nods and sips her tea. Ray works to keep the conversation going.

RAY

Aaron, do you wanna tell Hancock about your problem at school?

(off Aaron's bashfulness)

There's a bully at Aaron's school. His name's Michael.

AARON

Michel. But not like a girl's name. It's French.

RAY

Michel, I stand corrected. Michel's a little bully. He likes to cause lots of trouble. I think Aaron is wondering what you would do in a situation like that.

HANCOCK

What I'd do? I'd grab him by his little French dangler and whip him straight up into low earth orbit. You want I should do that for you?

The boy grins. Mary doesn't. Seeing her reaction, Hancock quickly switches to his best Hugh Beaumont.

HANCOCK

Seriously, though -- fighting isn't the answer, Aaron. I hate to fight. But bullies are cowards, and brains beat brawn. So, uh. Always turn the other cheek.

Aaron nods. Dissatisfied with his own answer, Hancock can't help himself -- he points at his rump.

HANCOCK

Just never this cheek. Know what I'm saying? Never let 'em punk you.

Mary forces a pained smile and quickly interrupts.

MARY

Okay! Thank you!

RAY

What, Honey? He's just saying a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

MARY

Aaron's not a man, he's a boy. He's a good boy with a good heart. And Michel, I happen to know, lost his mom to cancer last year -- which is why he acts out.

(focusing on Hancock)

I'd love to see them grow up in a world where people work through their differences -- not spout empty platitudes, then kick the stuffing out of each other.

Ray smiles a little too hard at his wife, telepathically beaming at her *what the fuck?!* Mary shrugs, drops it.

MARY

Sorry. I just... feel strongly about certain things.

HANCOCK

That's cool. Hey look, I gotta go bleed the old, uh...

(remembers young Aaron)

Yeah. Where's the can?

RAY

First door on your left.

Hancock rises, steps out of the room. The moment he's gone, Ray's smile evaporates. He turns to Mary, his voice low.

RAY

What are you doing? --

MARY

What?

RAY

You're practically running the guy out of the house!

MARY

I fed him, didn't I? Not like that wasn't a trick! I'm being civil.

RAY

Civil? Try shooting for pleasant.

MARY
I'm perfectly pleasant. Aaron, aren't I
being pleasant?

Aaron shrugs, way more interested in his big penny.

RAY
Mary, this man is a guest in our home!
And furthermore...

Ray loses his train of thought now that the offscreen sound of Hancock URINATING fills our ears.

This is no tinkle. It's a high-pressure JET. This is not one racehorse pissing, but an entire stable. Aaron looks around in awe. For his sake, his folks try to ignore it as long as they can. But now -- SQUIRT!-SQUIRT! -- it trails off briefly, then starts back even LOUDER. Ray winces.

RAY
Christ. It sounds like somebody power-
washing a driveway.

The table VIBRATES. It's like mild seismic activity. Aaron presses his little hands over his ears. The chandelier sways and CLINKS overhead. Off this:

29

EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Later. Hancock stands at the bottom of the front steps, being seen off by Ray and Aaron.

RAY
So you'll think about what I said? Public
relations?

HANCOCK
Yeah. Yeah, I'll think about that.

Hancock reaches to shake Aaron's hand.

HANCOCK
Hang tough, buddy-ro. Aah, stop! You're
breaking my fingers!
(to Mary)
Everything was great.

Mary hangs back in the doorway, smiles thinly. Hancock's gaze lingers on her a moment. He takes three steps down the front walk, then flies off magnificently into the night.

Aaron stands electrified, staring up at Hancock's distant form as it gets silhouetted by the full moon. Ray and Aaron linger a moment, then head back inside.

30

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

30

Letting out hours of pent-up adrenaline, Aaron runs around the place as if he's Hancock, flying.

AARON

Zoocom! Zoocomooooom!

Ray watches his son with affection, then glances around, looking for his wife. He heads for the kitchen.

31

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

31

Mary stands at the sink, scrubbing the big platters that won't fit in the dishwasher. Scrubbing them maybe a little too hard. Ray takes his place beside her, drying them with a towel. The two of them have some privacy here.

RAY

Mary, what is eating you?

MARY

(a beat; low)

You almost died today. Could start with that.

She turns to look at him, swallows hard. She's not crying, but it wouldn't take much for her to start. Ray lays a comforting hand on her, rubs her back. He speaks gently.

RAY

So you take it out on the man who saved my life? I don't understand.

MARY

I'm thankful to him. I am. I just...

She shakes her head, not able to put it into words.

RAY

Is it because he eats like a zoo animal?
Has no social skills?

(off her shrug)

Smells like bean soup and socks?

(off her silence)

It's not 'cause he broke the toilet. You already hated him way before that. What is it, the whole package?

MARY

Ray... I-I don't know.

RAY

But Mary, I can fix all that! I can turn him around completely. Make people adore him! You and everybody else.

Mary shakes her head, troubled by the very thought of it.

MARY

Don't take him on as a client. Please.

(off his bewilderment)

Look, you don't know anything about this man. Years he's been around, and nobody knows the first thing about who he is or why he's here. Just that he's a-a... he's a pest. He breaks more than he fixes.

32 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

32

Up past the eaves, we find HANCOCK seated on Ray and Mary's roof, staring into space.

He's LISTENING intently. Mary's voice drifts up to him.

MARY (O.S.)

Ray, we have a fire department, a police department -- they're trained to do these things. Why does this city need Hancock?

This isn't what Hancock hoped to overhear. He thinks about it, sniffs his armpit. With a heavy heart, he flies off into the night -- for real this time.

33 EXT. HIGH OVER LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

33

Hancock's point of view: we're looking straight down on shabby blocks of adobe bungalows, bodegas, army-navy stores and wailing car alarms. A lone cop car cruises, its unit number painted black atop its white roof.

We're drifting along, looking for something of interest. Something to take our mind off things. Nothing so far.

34 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

34

As seen through the plate glass, the parking lot is deserted. Hancock drops into frame, touching down on the asphalt as graceful as a cat. The door DING-DONGS his arrival.

This place is a maze of off-brand liquor. The only other person here is the SIKH behind the counter, who stares fixedly at Hancock without saying a word. Not friendly.

Hancock isn't surprised. He scouts out the biggest bottle of Jack Daniels he can find. If it doesn't have a built-in handle, it ain't gonna do. He thunks it on the checkout.

HANCOCK

As-Salaam Alaikum.

Wrong religion, but hey, it's the thought that counts. The Sikh stands perfectly still. Hancock produces a few bills from the pocket of his jeans. He notices a shelf of used VHS movies.

He pulls out a tape that interests him. We don't get a good look, but there's no reason not to assume it's porn.

HANCOCK

That too.

(off the man's inertia)

Buddy.

The Sikh stiffly rings it all up on the register.

SIKH

Ninety-one ten.

HANCOCK

What are you, shittin' me?

Outraged by the price, Hancock squints down at the digital readout: \$91.10. The Sikh rests a finger over the zero so that all we see is 91.1. 911.

A single bead of SWEAT now appears, slowly running down from beneath the Sikh's *pugree* and shining on his forehead. This man isn't unfriendly -- he's scared. Without moving his head, he glances down at his feet, then back up at Hancock.

We privilege to the audience what Hancock, on the other side of the counter, can't see: two young THUGS crouch on either side of the Sikh, just out of Hancock's view. Apparently, they were interrupted mid-robbery by Hancock's arrival.

The thugs squat motionless, holding their breath. One trains a sawed-off at the Sikh, ready to pull both triggers.

Hancock's eyes are locked on the Sikh's. We're thinking he gets it. But then we're not so sure, as:

HANCOCK

Freakin' highway robbery...

Grumbling, Hancock fishes for more cash. The Sikh swallows, losing hope. Hancock accidentally drops some change, which PATTERS on the floor.

As Hancock bends to pick it up -- BOOM! His fist suddenly PUNCHES through the front of the counter as fast as the eye can see, making us jump. BAM! His hand jerks back out, clutching the collar of the shotgun thug. The unconscious thug's head lolls out onto the floor.

The second thug screams and runs for it, rounding the counter like Carl Lewis and sprinting for the door. He's fast.

Doesn't matter. Standing up, Hancock calmly grabs a Zagnut Bar from the candy display. Sidearming it at 200 miles an hour, he catches the second thug between the shoulder blades. It connects like a beanbag round, smacking him off the tempered glass, which shatters into a million pieces. The dude winds up face-down on the pavement outside.

Silence except for the moaning. Hancock surveys the DAMAGE he's wrought. Stung by Mary's words, he turns on the Sikh.

HANCOCK

I bet all you'll tell anybody is how I messed up your store. Right? "Why'd that asshole break my window?! Why he gotta go bust up my counter?!"

(frustrated)

I do not break more than I fix! I fix plenty!

The Sikh doesn't want a hassle. He quickly bags Hancock's stuff and slides it across.

SIKH

H-Here. On the house.

Well, now. That's more like it. Hancock calms down some.

HANCOCK

Alright then. You're welcome.

Hancock takes the bag. He's about to leave when he glimpses something. He bends down and pulls a CIGAR from the breast pocket of the conked-out thug at his feet.

HANCOCK

Damn. Cuban.

(to the Sikh)

Got any matches?

The Sikh hands him a pack. Hancock takes the cigar and liquor and exits. Crunching across a glittering carpet of broken glass, he sidesteps the writhing second thug and walks off in the night.

35 EXT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

35

Hancock's dumpy building. Everyone else in the world is asleep. A LIGHT glows in one lone window.

36 INT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

36

Hancock sits in the tub, his knees propped up because it's so short. There's shampoo on his head. Hancock washes, then sniffs his armpit once again -- ehh, not too bad.

37 INT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

37

A cigar tip glows orange. Hancock lies on his futon, smoking and drinking. That huge bottle of bourbon is almost gone.

TV shadows play across the walls in the darkened apartment. We note the empty VHS box of the movie Hancock got at the liquor store. Not porn. It's "An Officer And A Gentleman."

Hancock pays attention as Richard Gere in his crisp dress whites strides into the factory and sweeps Debra Winger off her feet. Coworkers applaud. "Up Where We Belong" swells.

Hancock watches glumly. Wistfully. The credits roll.

He takes a last puff of tobacco. His eyelids sink closed. We note the cigar, still propped between his fingers...

... And burning down to a nub between them. Not enough of a sensation to wake a super man. The glowing tip SMOLDERS against the bed sheets. Off this:

38 EXT. PINK SKY - DAWN

38

Up into frame rises... the business end of a pumper truck. A FIREFIGHTER mans this high hose. He yanks open the valve, brings the nozzle to bear and hits us full blast. We are:

39 EXT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - DAWN

39

Three LAFD trucks are on the scene, spraying Hancock's building -- from which FLAMES lick high in the air. Shell-shocked RESIDENTS stand in the street in bathrobes and blankets, watching their home burn down.

40 INT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - DAWN

40

This place is an inferno. Flames ripple across the ceiling and lick through burned-away sections of floor. We PUSH toward the epicenter of the fire -- Hancock's FUTON.

The futon looks like a roaring charcoal briquet. There's a lump atop it... and the lump is peacefully SNORING.

In b.g., the window SHATTERS. Water from the firehose jets in, splashing everything. It makes Hancock awake with a start. He sits up, blinking and noticing the conflagration all around him. Oh, man... what the fuck?!

Still waking up (and not feeling any pain), Hancock rises and strides to the window. It's only now we notice the fire is currently CONSUMING the last of his CLOTHES. He arrives at the low window, not realizing he's bare-ass NAKED.

41 EXT. HANCOCK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

41

Hancock looks down out his window at the firefighters and onlookers (from the front, we frame him chest-up).

HANCOCK
GODDAMMIT, WHO BURNED DOWN MY HOUSE?!

Dozens of citizens cringe at the sight of Hancock naked. Noting their grossed-out expressions, he glances down at himself and sees Old Glory waving in the breeze. *Oh, shit. Off this:*

42 INT. NURSING HOME - ENTRANCE - DAY

42

Here in this lobby, ELDERLY WOMEN and MEN shuffle by on walkers or sit motionless. Motorized doors slide open and Mary enters, little Aaron lagging behind her. He dreads being in this place.

43 INT. NURSING HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

43

A few Mylar balloons are tied to the headboard. Children's drawings are taped to the wall. Greeting cards propped on the nightstand tell us someone just had her 98th birthday.

That someone is EMMA. She lies propped up in her adjustable bed, a tiny little bird-woman with snow-white hair. She can't weigh eighty pounds. She can't speak or move, either -- she's had a major stroke. But her eyes have a light in them. We sense there's something going on upstairs.

Mary kisses Emma's forehead. She squeezes her hand.

MARY
Hey, Sweetheart. How are you today? You look awful good. Except your hair is sticking up in the front just a little bit. Let's see what we can do about that.

Mary finds a brush in her purse and gently brushes Emma's hair. She speaks so kindly. There's so much love in her smile for this woman we assume is her great-aunt or grandmother. Emma's eyes track Mary. They shift to focus on Aaron, who timidly hangs back in the doorway.

Mary glances at Aaron. She could demand that he step forward and pay his respects, but that's not her style. She understands. In the hallway, an impossibly OLD MAN shuffles by on his walker, muttering harsh nonsense.

Aaron scooches close to Mary, scared. He whispers to her.

AARON
I don't like it here.

Mary considers him, nods. She doesn't like it much, either. She keeps brushing Emma's hair as she speaks.

MARY

Sometimes I think about how all the people in this place... how once upon a time, all of them were your age. Isn't that weird?

AARON

I know that.

MARY

Yeah. But the funny thing is, they're all still exactly like you. They get scared, just like you do. They get lonely. That never changes, no matter how old you are.

Aaron is silent. He gets it. Mary smiles at him.

MARY

You wanna say hi to Emma? She likes it when you hold her hand.

Little Aaron reluctantly reaches out and takes hold of the old woman's fingers. It's not so bad. He can bear it.

MARY

Let's get a little light in here.

She moves to the nearby window, angles the blinds. As she does so, something catches her eye.

MARY'S POV: out this second-story window, we glimpse HANCOCK loitering on the far side of the street. Once he lays eyes on us, he abruptly looks away and acts casual.

Mary lets the blinds snap shut again. Shit! She thinks for a moment, then turns to Aaron and Emma, nonchalant.

MARY

Nah. It's bright enough already.

44 EXT. VALLEY BOULEVARD - AFTERNOON

44

Later. Mary's minivan parks outside a SOCCER FIELD. It's the afternoon youth league -- lots of MOMS and KIDS are here.

45 INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

45

Aaron eagerly grabs his gear. Mary eyes her rearview mirror.

MARY

Honey, you go ahead. I'll be there in a minute.

AARON

Okay.

Aaron runs to the field. In her mirror, Mary sees...

... HANCOCK. He's standing across the boulevard. Watching. Once again caught in the act, he turns and skulks out of view.

Mary throws open her door, ready to put a stop to this.

46

EXT. SIDESTREET - AFTERNOON

46

Mary jogs across the busy boulevard. She starts down the sidestreet, looking for Hancock. Now he's nowhere in sight.

It's quiet back here -- there's a construction site, but nobody is working today. No one is around. As Mary glances left and right, our attention DRIFTS to a semi trailer parked in b.g. It's loaded with huge concrete culvert sections. They're six feet in diameter and weigh a couple of tons each.

Why are we suddenly focusing on this? Because:

NEW ANGLE - BEHIND THE TRAILER

A HAND reaches into frame, grabbing hold of the thick steel CHAIN that anchors the culvert pieces. This super hand gives the chain a twist, SNAPPING it like a pretzel.

ANGLE - MARY

Hears the rifle CRACK of breaking steel behind her and turns in time to see...

... The entire load of pipe is tumbling down and barreling RIGHT AT HER! It looks like the business end of a steamroller. Mary only has time to blink before --

-- WHOOSH! Hancock lands in front of her, putting himself between Mary and the onslaught. He PUNCHES the first section of pipe with a mighty fist, SHATTERING it into huge pieces. A second one comes bouncing toward him and he spikes it backward over his head like a volleyball, sending it flip flopping high in the air and CRASHING DOWN atop a bus stand.

Other sections veer left and right, TOTALLING several parked cars. Hancock catches one last culvert. It slides him backward on his heels, but he stops it before it can cream Mary.

The danger is passed. Standing here holding this last section of culvert over his head, Hancock glances over his shoulder, then double-takes at Mary. "Surprised" to see her, he smiles. What a coincidence!

HANCOCK

Oh hey! How you doing?

If he was expecting gratitude, he's got another thing coming. Mary surveys the damage, then eyes him coldly.

MARY

I'm married. You got that?

She strides through the wreckage, headed back to the soccer field. Hancock stares after her. He starts to follow, then remembers he's holding a two-ton piece of concrete over his head. He lets it drop with a BOOOOM! and chases after her.

HANCOCK

Hey, you're WELCOME, lady! Damn!

The look she gives tells him he's busted -- she knows this whole thing was a meet-cute set-up. He gives up blustering and walks with her in silence for a beat or two.

HANCOCK

Can't you say hi at least?

(she won't)

Last night was nice. Man, I can't even remember the last time I had a home-cooked meal. Usually I'm so busy saving people's lives and shit. But I tell you, you really --

MARY

-- Don't do this.

HANCOCK

Do what?

Mary stops, turns to face him. Her voice is low. There's not anger in it so much as grave concern.

MARY

Please. Just forget you ever met us.

HANCOCK

Why?

MARY

(a beat; finally)

You're not good for my husband.

HANCOCK

I don't see it that way. In fact, I'm seriously thinking about taking him up on his offer.

(off her dismay)

Damn straight. Public relations is something, you know, I've probably neglected. So maybe you need to get used to seeing me around.

She glares at him, but holds her tongue. This isn't the time or place for a big argument. LOOKY-LOOS have come out at the sound of all those culverts crashing -- a CROWD is gathering.

She heads to rejoin Aaron at his soccer practice. Before she goes, she pauses beside a newspaper machine, points at it.

MARY
(sarcastic)
Great job, by the way. This is how you win people over?

HANCOCK
Huh?

He steps to the machine as she leaves him behind. Through the glass we see the front page of the *Times*. The headline: "HANCOCK ACCUSED OF SEX WITH MINOR."

Hancock squints at it sourly. Oh fuck. Off this:

47 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

47

This is Ray's tiny office. An assemble-it-yourself desk from Target holds a five year-old PC and fax machine. Papers are stacked high. A few awards hang on the wall. File cabinets share the room with an exercise bike and an electronic piano.

Ray re-reads the article. Hancock sits watching, upset. His attention drifts to a Sears portrait of Mary, Ray and Aaron.

RAY
They don't give the girl's name.

HANCOCK
I don't remember what it was. She's a waitress. I only saw her the one time.

RAY
Did you get her drunk?

HANCOCK
No! I just... you know. Flew her around. Out over the ocean.

The way he says it, it inadvertently sounds lonely and sad. Ray picks up on this. Hancock leans across and points to a sentence in the newspaper.

HANCOCK
"She turns eighteen in five weeks." Come on man, that's splitting hairs! What, I gotta start carding now, I gotta ask for ID? And I'll tell you what else... that girl?

(lowers his voice)
I ain't no Captain Kirk, you dig? I sure as shit didn't go where no man's gone before.

RAY

Uh huh.

(off his stare)

I believe you. But so what? Where's it get you with the public?

Hancock says nothing. This thing is clearly weighing on him.

RAY

Alright. So here's what we do:

Ray stares at Hancock evenly. He's in battle mode.

RAY

You go to jail.

HANCOCK

(a beat)

Huh?

RAY

Just for a few weeks. It's a golden opportunity.

HANCOCK

Whu-What? How the hell is that a golden opportunity?

RAY

It's a chance for you to show the people of Los Angeles that you live by the same rules they do.

(a beat)

Follow me here. This is how you get them on your side.

Hancock shakes his head -- no freakin' way.

RAY

You know what the district attorney is doing right now? Shitting bricks. His office is probably getting twenty, thirty calls an hour -- "What are you doing about this thing with Hancock? What are you doing to uphold the law?" What's he gonna do? Send a couple of cops to arrest you?

HANCOCK

Bitch can try.

RAY

No. No see, that's not a great... attitude there. You wanna make friends with law enforcement. With everybody. So what you do is, you plead no contest to this thing.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)
You explain yourself in a public forum like you did just now to me -- except maybe minus the Captain Kirk part. You tell them your story. And I spin some really positive media coverage.

HANCOCK
(sarcastic)
Brilliant.

RAY
It is, if I do say so myself. I charge companies good money for advice like this.
(fixes him with a stare)
Look, I'm gonna lay it on the line. People do not like you. Understand? In fact, they pretty much think you're an asshole. Now, if you're good with being an asshole, more power to you. But if you want something different for yourself, start listening to what I have to say.

Ray is clear-eyed and sure of himself. He awaits an answer.

Hancock sighs. He is ready for a change. Off him, thinking:

48

EXT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - AFTERNOON

48

Couple days later. We're in a commons area outside the entrance to the jail facility. There's a press conference going full-swing out here. A hundred REPORTERS are present.

Ray stands at the back of the crowd. He listens intently, nervous for everything to go right.

On the dais is the familiar POLICE CHIEF, flanked by the DISTRICT ATTORNEY -- both of whom are as nervous and hopeful as Ray. They watch Hancock, who stands before the tangle of microphones.

Hancock looks wonderful. He wears a tailored suit, sharp but not flashy. Sober and conservative. He looks like a million bucks. Still, this is tough on him. He's a private man. He reads from a prepared statement, barely raising his eyes to the crowd.

HANCOCK
I apologize to the young woman in question and to her family. I honestly believed she was of legal age, but that does not excuse me. My behavior was improper, and I accept the consequences.
(a beat)
You deserve better from me.

He hesitates, not wanting to read the next part. With a look to Ray in the audience, he gives in.

HANCOCK

It's difficult sometimes. I'm the only one of my kind. But I do know right from wrong.

Finished, Hancock stares out at his audience. The reporters are respectfully silent. His speech has landed with them.

49

INT. JAIL - BUNKHOUSE - EVENING

49

This room sleeps over a hundred inmates, and it is packed. Bunk beds everywhere. REGGAETON MUSIC plays from a boom box. This is one motley, nasty collection of DEALERS, BANGERS and ROBBERS. Hard-faced mofos, all.

A murmur sweeps through the crowd. Heads turn. Talking ceases. Men's faces transform from bored to angry.

The reggaeton gets shut off. Now we could hear a pin drop. Rather, we can hear one set of FOOTSTEPS casually making their way through the bunkhouse.

LOW ANGLE -- we TILT UP a pair of faded orange jail scrubs, identical to those worn by every other inmate in the place. However, this particular set belongs to HANCOCK.

He makes his way up the center aisle. It's a gauntlet of icy glares. A few curses get muttered behind him -- in English, Spanish, Vietnamese even. Hatred hangs thick in the air.

One MOUNTAIN of an inmate doesn't get out of Hancock's way. Hancock simply steps around him and finds an empty bunk.

He checks the mattress -- shitty, but it'll do. Feeling everyone's eyes on his back, he sighs and turns to face them.

HANCOCK

Now I know I put some of you in here.
(glances around)

Hell, most of you, from the looks of it.
But whaddya say, fellas? Truce?

He stands awaiting an answer. MAN-MOUNTAIN smirks at the other inmates. They're all thinking the exact same thing: home-court advantage.

These guys put us in mind of feeding time in the lion cage. Evil smiles appear -- as do a couple of home-made SHIVS. There's a pregnant pause, and then...

... All one hundred-plus inmates RUSH Hancock! As they barrel straight at us with wild murder in their eyes:

50 INT. JAIL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

50

We CUT outside, focusing on a door with a small wire-mesh window that allows us to peek into the bunkhouse. We can't see much... but we can certainly HEAR.

BOOOM! BASH! BAM! It sounds like someone pummeling a side of beef with a baseball bat. Through the glass we glimpse an INMATE somersaulting end over end. Now ANOTHER, and ANOTHER. And now, an entire BUNK BED flies through frame.

51 INT. JAIL - BUNKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

51

It looks like the morning after the Alamo. Nobody is actually dead, but a few of these dudes probably wish they were. The floor is piled with GROANING inmates.

No one is left standing except for Hancock and MAN-MOUNTAIN. Okay, technically, Man-Mountain isn't standing -- he's dangling by his NOSE, which is pinched between Hancock's thumb and forefinger. Hancock tosses him out of frame, then lies down on his bunk, which is the only one still upright.

HANCOCK

Okay. No truce.

Hancock stares up at the ceiling, wishing he were home.

52 EXT. JAIL - EXERCISE YARD - DAY

52

A news helicopter beats the air, hanging in place overhead.

A view from the chopper -- we look down on an exercise yard ringed by high walls and razor wire. HUNDREDS OF INMATES tightly congregate on only ONE SIDE of the yard, even though there's all this empty space they could be using.

We ZOOM IN on the lone con occupying the EMPTY SIDE -- HANCOCK.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

There were many who said it wouldn't happen -- but this is day eight of Hancock's one month sentence, and true to his word, he remains incarcerated.

Hancock sits staring at a CHESS BOARD. He's playing himself.

INTERCUT WITH:

53 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

53

Mary and Aaron sit on the floor, cutting dinosaur shapes out of construction paper -- Mary is helping the boy with a school project. They watch TV as they work.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

Joining us is Ray Embrey, a spokesman for Hancock. Mr. Embrey, how's he holding up?

A SPLIT-SCREEN adds RAY, dressed for success. He's wearing a killer new suit and looks fantastic. Mary and Aaron grin at each other, excited to see him on television.

RAY (ON TV)

Honestly? Not well.

("what can you do?" shrug)

This man lives to serve the public. He can't help but be frustrated he's not out there saving lives. And in the past week we've seen a sharp uptick in robberies, gang activity, you name it. That's no coincidence.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

But Hancock can simply fly away, correct? Why does he remain in jail?

RAY (ON TV)

Because he believes in the rule of law -- that it applies to everybody, himself included.

(sadly)

I told him, "Think of the victims who suffer because you're not out there fighting crime." And it tears him up inside. But he said to me, "Ray... don't ask me to victimize the Constitution."

He says this straight and solemn, with a lump in his throat.

MARY

Your Dad is something else.

Aaron grins. Despite her misgivings about Ray working with Hancock, Mary respects Ray's abilities. He's good.

Down in the yard, Hancock studies his chess board, his chin in his hand. He lays down the black king. Game over.

54

INT. JAIL - COMMUNITY ROOM - NIGHT

54

Two dozen inmates hang out in front of the communal TV, which broadcasts a basketball game. These guys still show bruises and Band-Aids from the ass-kicking they received.

Hancock wanders into frame, his eyes on the TV.

HANCOCK

Lakers are up?

Nobody answers. One by one, every inmate rises and wanders out of frame. They all give him the evil eye as they leave. In no time flat, Hancock is left by himself.

Feeling lonely -- but damned if he'll show it -- Hancock sits down and grimly watches the game. A beat or two.

WHITEY (O.S.)

What do you expect to accomplish?

Hancock looks over, surprised. He didn't realize anybody was still around. His eyes narrow on someone o.s.

HANCOCK

How's that?

We finally see who's here: it's an inmate whose real name we'll probably never learn. Let's call him WHITEY.

Whitey sits ten feet away. He's average height, kinda thin. Age indeterminate -- in his 40s, if we had to guess.

WHITEY

What is it you expect to accomplish? Out there?

(points beyond the wall)

You grab a junkie purse-snatcher, you stop a mugging. Stop some punk from spraying graffiti. What's the point?

HANCOCK

"What's the point?" I see a crime, I stop it. Big or little.

Whitey's voice is reedy and calm. Not warm. Not friendly.

WHITEY

You make like you're battling evil.

HANCOCK

That's because I do.

WHITEY

No, that's like saying you battle the ocean. You battle... I dunno. Air.

(a beat)

I think really you invite evil. You draw its attention. You focus it nice and sharp so it has purpose.

(a beat)

You're the lion tamer.

HANCOCK

(annoyed, but plays along)
Lion tamer. Okay.

WHITEY

Lion tamer's the guy who goes and sticks his head in the lion's mouth. He cracks his whip and makes a big show of it. Makes 'em jump through hoops. And all the while he's saying "I'm Big King Shit. I got power."

(a beat)

But see, those lions... they're just biding their time. Waiting for a sign of weakness. Some little hint Mister Lion Tamer isn't up to the job no more. When that day comes?

(shrug)

They eat him alive.

Whitey creeps us out. Maybe it's his bad, sallow skin or his stained teeth. Maybe it's because he's slightly wall-eyed, so that we don't know which eye to look at. It could well be because he's not intimidated by Hancock. Not in the least. He just sits there smiling faintly.

HANCOCK

No offense, Cupcake -- but with you, I'm thinking "wiener dog," not lion.

WHITEY

(intrigued)

You don't know me, do you?

HANCOCK

Did I kick your ass with all the others?

(Whitey shakes his head)

'Cause I'm thinking it might have helped.

WHITEY

Wow. I really figured if anybody recognized me, it'd be you.

Hancock's eyes narrow. Confused, he wants to hear more.

HANCOCK

You gonna clue me in?

WHITEY

I don't think so. I waited this long. I can wait a little longer.

Hancock blinks, utterly bewildered.

HANCOCK

What the hell are you talking about?

The spooky inmate stands up to leave.

WHITEY

You'll know. When we eat you alive.

He casually walks off. We won't see him again in this jail. Hancock stares after him, vaguely unnerved.

55 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

55

Mary is in an oversized "Disco Fever!" t-shirt, dressed for bed. She washes her face at the sink, pats it dry. She pauses for a long moment to study herself in the mirror. It's as if she doesn't like what's reflected back.

56 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

56

Mary slips into bed and snuggles beside her husband, who is studying a FAX. She gives him a long kiss -- sexy and just a little needy. Ray kisses her in return, but opens one eye and keeps reading past her head.

MARY

Dammit, I'm gonna hit you, Ray.

He holds up the fax to her, grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

RAY

Lead story of tomorrow's paper: it's titled "LET HIM GO."

(reads aloud)

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder. That, and a nine percent rise in the crime rate seems to be behind growing calls for the release of Hancock."

(glances up, proud)

Gets even better from there. Shit, I bet he won't even have to do the whole month -- and then we'll really go to work. Whaddya think?

Mary says nothing. Whatever troubles her is rapidly bubbling to the surface.

RAY

Baby, you can come right out and call me a genius. I promise I won't let it go to my head.

(gets serious)

What's the matter?

MARY

You know what's the matter. I asked you not to get involved with him. You went ahead anyway -- so alright, you're a grown man, I can't stop you. But don't ask me to jump up and down and yell "yippee" and do cartwheels on the lawn and-and, and...

RAY
Jesus, Mary, whaddya --

MARY
(spinning out)
-- You just, you know, when two people love each other, I dunno, you'd think they'd respect each other's feelings and wishes and call me crazy but I-I, that just... it worries me. He worries me! Nothing has changed. But no, no! You don't wanna hear that! So --

She shuts up, sighs raggedly. TEARS glisten. Ray has been stunned into silence by her manic blithering. Now that he sees she's crying, it scares him. He reaches to hold her.

RAY
Honey... Honey. Shhh. It's okay. It's okay.

He comforts her. She hugs him tight, tears silently rolling down her face. We're as dumbfounded as Ray as to why she's so agitated. What's her big problem with Hancock?

Worried that her husband thinks she's gone crazy, Mary wipes her eyes and bucks up. She feels foolish now.

MARY
I am proud of you, Ray. I am so proud of you. When you're happy, I'm happy.
(softly)
I just want you to be careful. That's all. I don't want you to get hurt.

Ray studies her closely, wondering what she means. Wisely, he decides not to push it.

57 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MORNING

57

Street lamps turn off. The city is waking up. We're on Spring Street, in a deep canyon made of glass skyscrapers.

A yellow DWP panel truck glides toward us, its safety light flashing. It pulls up in front of a rich, modern bank.

A REDHEAD WORKMAN in DWP coveralls climbs out of the driver's seat. He walks around back and sets up a few orange cones.

As he glances around the neighborhood, THREE other WORKMEN open the back of the truck and muscle out a big equipment cart. Whatever's in it, it's heavy as hell.

We catch a glimpse of a PISTOL under Redhead's jacket as he helps out. Off these four grim men, headed for the bank...

58 INT. JAIL - CAFETERIA - DAY

58

Lunchtime. Hancock sits by himself, polishing off a third tray of creamed chipped beef. His spoon poised by his lips, he glances around the place. Every other con is sullenly keeping their distance, as usual. There's no sign of Whitey.

A GUARD enters the cafeteria, makes a beeline for Hancock.

GUARD

You got a visitor.

59 INT. JAIL - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

59

Ray stands alone in this little room, drumming his fingers on a GARMENT BAG he's brought with him. He's antsy, impatient. He smiles wide when Hancock is brought in.

RAY

There he is! There's the man! --

Hancock glances back at the Guard, who exits. Once he and Ray are alone:

HANCOCK

Ray, I am going goddamned stir-crazy. This place, I-I dunno, it's messing with my head. And there's all this crime everywhere. I gotta get out and get back to work!

RAY

Ohhh, yes. Yes, you do.

(off his confusion)

There is a bank robbery that just turned into a major hostage situation. The bad guys have machine guns, armor-piercing bullets, they got some kinda huge-ass cannon thing that shoots through walls this thick!

(practically chortling)

It's fantastic!

Hancock looks askance, but Ray can barely contain his glee.

RAY

The D.A. just now signed your release. The LAPD is officially asking for your help.

(claps him on the arm)

You did it, Hancock! SCORE!

Hancock nods -- *right on*. He turns for the door, ready to go fight crime. Ray stops him.

RAY

Wait, two things: first, make this look really, really hard, even if it's not. People love an underdog.

Hancock thinks about it, but shrugs okay.

RAY

Second thing is, I want you... to wear this.

He unzips the garment bag. Two droopy legs fall out: it's a Spandex STOCKING with the feet sewn on. It's charcoal gray, with accents of scarlet. Hancock sees more of it than we do.

HANCOCK

(hating it)

Uh. No. I don't think so, Ray.

RAY

Lotta research went into this. I hired a focus group. Spent my own money -- not that I'd ever make a big deal outta that.

HANCOCK

A focus group told you I should look like the sixth member of The Village People?

RAY

This is straight! This is very straight! But straight in a way that shows off your package.

HANCOCK

Hell, no. I ain't wearing it.

RAY

It's made outta Nomex and Spectra, it's bullet and fire resistant...

(impatient)

C'mon, buddy. C'MON! Take one for the team! BOO-YA!

Ray grabs him by the shoulders, working his muscles like a football coach. Hancock probably wouldn't let any other guy in the world take this liberty, but he can't help himself: he honestly likes this goofy dude. He stifles a smile.

HANCOCK

Ray. Seriously, man --

RAY

-- Seriously. I'm your friend and I won't steer you wrong. I will never let you look ridiculous.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)
 (off Hancock's silence)
 Trust me.

Ray stares at him eye-to-eye. Hancock can't remember the last time anyone called him "friend." Ray means it absolutely, and Hancock is touched. Off him, considering:

60 EXT. SPRING STREET BANK - DAY

60

The mirrored plate glass fronting the lobby of the building hangs in jagged shards. Even so, the interior is shadowed in this noonday sun -- we can't see in. Across from the bank...

... An LAPD cruiser sits on four blown tires. Bullet holes dimple the sheet metal. The windows are shot out.

A FEMALE COP lies flat in the street, taking cover behind the rear wheel of her cruiser. She's holding her thigh, blood oozing around her knuckles. She's trying hard not to panic. The sound of her BREATHING is about all we hear.

SILENCE up and down the street. It feels like high noon in the Wild West. Half a block away, out of the line of fire...

61 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

61

The circus is pulled back to here. Cruisers, LASD Yukons, an ambulance. DOZENS of COPS and DEPUTIES stand frustrated, desperately wanting to get to their downed fellow officer.

Somebody double-takes, noticing something now. One by one, the cops all glance skyward.

We see what they see: in the clear blue sky is a speck of CHARCOAL GRAY and RED. It's coming our way, getting closer.

The cops crane their necks, shading their eyes with their hands. A SHADOW swoops over them.

CLOSE ON a pair of gray-clad feet which alight on the pavement. The cops stand stunned. They step back, make way.

We reveal HANCOCK standing among them. For the first time, he's dressed as what he is -- a superhero. The stocking we glimpsed in the garment bag clings to him like a wet coat of paint. We can make out the contour of every perfect muscle. Billowing behind him is a blood-red cape. The faint breeze makes it seem nearly alive.

He looks spectacular. Formidable. Kick-ass. Fuckin' cool. That's what these cops are thinking. But Hancock, who feels self-conscious, studies every slack-jawed face he sees.

HANCOCK
 What?
 (off the silence)
 What?

The veteran SERGEANT steps forward. This man is familiar to us from the fiasco with the stolen yacht. He looks Hancock up and down, stone-faced...

... Then nods approvingly.

SERGEANT
Cool threads.

Hancock relaxes a little. Appreciates it. He glances over beside him at a nearby building -- the silvered glass front provides a perfect MIRROR.

Hancock takes a moment to appraise himself, turning this way and that. *Hell yeah, he's thinking. I look fine.*

But now it's time to go to work. He cracks his neck and peers toward the distant bank. He boldly strides toward it, breaking into a sprint. He LEAPS...

62 EXT. SPRING STREET BANK - DAY

62

... And in a single bound, he lands beside the shot-up police cruiser. He squats next to the wounded female cop.

HANCOCK
Hey.
(reaches, then hesitates)
Do I have permission to touch your body?
It's not sexual.

She nods, gritting her teeth in pain. Her checks her wound.

HANCOCK
No offense. Never know who you'll piss
off these days.
(judges it minor)
No big whoop. You're good.

He carefully lifts her in his arms. All's well, until...

... MOVEMENT inside the dark bank. A fat, strobing MUZZLE FLASH as one of the robbers opens up with an M60 MACHINE GUN. BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH!

Hancock instantly turns his back to it, pulling the female cop to him so that he's fully shielding her with his body. Big .308 rounds stitch the pavement around them. They pour onto Hancock's back and neck like a Shower Massage.

It smarts. Reaching back with one arm, Hancock hefts the police cruiser up onto its side -- BAM! -- giving them cover.

The shooter runs through his belt of ammo. The firing stops. Hancock grabs the cop tight and starts to fly off with her, meaning to take her to safety. Just as he gets airborne...

... BOOOOM! Something hits him like a truck, right between the shoulder blades. It tears a small, ragged HOLE in his new formfit, exposing his skin beneath.

Hancock careens off-course, slams into a street light and sets it wobbling like a buggy whip. Somehow, he manages to protect the female cop the whole way down, landing hard on his back instead of on top of her.

HANCOCK

Aahh. DAMMIT!

(to the cop)

You okay? You alright?! --

She MOANS, wincing in pain. She's not too good.

Across the way in the bank, the silhouetted gunman works the bolt on a rifle that looks like it was designed for shooting your larger variety brontosaurus. An empty shell casing the size of a Hi-Liter goes ringing off the floor.

Hancock knows a second shot is coming. He rolls over into its path, putting himself between it and the cop just as BOOOOM! Plaster dust sifts down inside the bank. Hancock gets the wind punched out of him a second time.

HANCOCK

Man, you are PISSING ME OFF!

He CRAWLS with the female cop underneath him, getting her outta there. High above, news choppers catch every second.

63 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

63

The Sergeant and his cops stand watching, riveted. A rental car SCREECHES into frame, arriving in b.g. RAY jumps out and comes running to the barricade.

Hearing the BOOOMS, Ray's eyes light up. What a spectacle!

RAY

(under his breath)

There you go. Make it look hard.

64 EXT. SPRING STREET BANK - DAY

64

It is hard! BOOOM! Another direct hit. BOOOM! Another. With every blast, Hancock's teeth rattle and he gets hammered six inches forward. Gotta get away! He makes for...

... A MANHOLE COVER. As he jams a thumb into its lift-hole, he takes a painful round off the back of his hand. BOOOM!

Still, he manages to jerk the cover loose, sends it rolling down the block like a hubcap. He crawls into the street with the cop.

His long red cape with the ARTILLERY HOLES in it is the last thing we see as -- shoop -- it disappears from view.

65

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

65

Silence. Everyone waits with bated breath. Beside Ray, the wheel of a cop car is parked atop a matching manhole cover. BANG! The rear of the car suddenly JUMPS three feet in the air, bouncing sideways. Startling everybody.

Up comes Hancock out of the manhole, lifting the injured female cop into the arms of her grateful comrades.

HANCOCK

Okay?

FEMALE COP

(in pain, but grateful)

Okay.

Seeing that she's safe, Hancock notices Ray standing here.

RAY

Go get 'em.

Hancock smiles thinly -- *goddamned right*. He descends back down into the sewer, looking determined.

Ray glances around at his fellow ONLOOKERS, civilians all. Sensing an opportunity, he cups his hands to his mouth and bellows down the block, addressing the bank robbers.

RAY

OH, YEAH! HERE IT COMES! YOU GUYS ARE ABOUT TO GET HANCOCKED! --

Around Ray, a few onlookers grin and nod appreciatively.

66

INT. SPRING STREET BANK - LOBBY - DAY

66

It's quiet in here. The SHOOTER chunks a fresh magazine onto his Gepard M3 and peers down the sights, waiting. Across the lobby, two SAFECRACKERS drill the lock on the huge vault door.

These three are the DWP workers we saw earlier. They are high-line criminals with ice water for blood. And scariest by far is their ruthless leader, REDHEAD.

Redhead stands over six HOSTAGES, who kneel shell-shocked on the floor. The hostages, oddly, are dressed identically in cheap RAINCOATS. They keep their heads low.

A RUMBLE now, like distant thunder. Pillars CREAK. Is it an earthquake? A sonic boom? Redhead and the other robbers look around overhead, glance to one another. Silence again.

Back to work. The two safecrackers manning the vault finish drilling the lock. They unclamp their electromagnet and ease out the two foot-long tungsten bit. One man snakes a fiber-optic inspection scope into the hole and peers inside.

His POV: as seen through the scope, it's all dark at first. Then, in macro-closeup, the lock mechanism. Lots of glittering metal shavings. We jerk left, right, up and down, studying the layout. Suddenly, we're looking at...

... An enormous EYEBALL. It glares right back at us.

The robber backs off -- what the hell? CR-RRRREEAK! We hear the sounds of steel being tortured. Case-hardened locking bolts get snapped like breadsticks. The heavy door swings open, revealing Hancock. Apparently, he busted in through the floor of the vault. Broken concrete is everywhere.

The two safecrackers are the first to get it. WHOOOM! Once goes flying backward, smacking off a pillar. The other gets rattled by the hair like a spray paint can, then dropped in a ragdoll heap. Now it's on to the SHOOTER.

The shooter jerks his heavy anti-materiel rifle off its bipod and strains to hold it to his shoulder. BOOOOOM! In this enclosed space, it's like God farting. The whole damn building vibrates. But Hancock sidesteps the round, which punches daylight through the granite wall behind him.

The shooter chambers another round, backs off as he struggles to aim. Hancock plays with him a little. He walks right up to him, sidesteps -- BOOOOOM! Another miss.

Hancock grabs the end of the barrel, jerks the rifle out of the shooter's hand. He grabs the man by the collar and tosses him three feet in the air, straight up. Like a fungo. He swings the heavy rifle, like a bat...

67 EXT. SPRING STREET BANK - CONTINUOUS

67

CRASH! The shooter goes EXPLODING through the plate glass. He lands in a balled-up heap in the middle of the street.

68 INT. SPRING STREET BANK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

68

Only REDHEAD is left standing. He remains by his cowering hostages. As Hancock turns on him, starts his way...

... Redhead reveals a RADIO TRANSMITTER duct-taped to his left hand. His thumb holds down a red SWITCH.

REDHEAD

Hold up. Hold up!

The hostages SCREAM at him, scared for their lives. Hancock pauses. Redhead points to the RAINCOATS his hostages wear.

REDHEAD

Two pounds of C4 under each coat.
(holds up his detonator)
Spring-loaded dead man's switch. My thumb
comes off it? Boom.

Tricky. Hancock considers. Redhead smiles faintly.

REDHEAD

Yeah, that's right. You ain't Big King
Shit. Are you?

Hancock frowns at this odd turn of phrase -- it's something the
creepy jail inmate, Whitey, said.

REDHEAD

You are gonna get me outta here, with
every last dollar in that vault -- or else
I blow these people up.

Solemnly weighing his options, Hancock finally speaks.

HANCOCK

And maybe I'll make you a sandwich, too.
Nice cheese sandwich with the crusts cut
off.

He moves to a nearby desk phone, picks it up and dials.

HANCOCK

(into the phone)
Yeah, this is Hancock. I got a white male
here, late thirties. His left hand is
severed at the wrist. He's bleeding like
a spigot and going into shock. Send an
ambulance, wouldja?

Redhead looks uneasy now. Hancock hangs up.

HANCOCK

Actually, I don't know anybody's damn
phone number out there. That was for
illustrative purposes.

This isn't the way Redhead expected this to go. He backs off
carefully, puts a counter between him and Hancock.

REDHEAD

You couldn't reach me in time. No way
you're that fast.

Hancock picks a metal CLIPBOARD off the desk. He shaves the edge
of it with his thumbnail so that little curlicues of aluminum
fall on the floor. He makes it KNIFE-SHARP.

HANCOCK

Sure you wanna find out?

Redhead swallows hard. We can tell -- he's not bluffing. Off this violent man, set to blow the place up any second:

69 EXT. SPRING STREET BANK - CONTINUOUS

69

Dead silence. We can't see in. We're waiting for the bank to go up in smoke. Instead...

... We hear a long SHRIEK of agony. The six hostages come running out of the bank, shedding their raincoats on the fly.

They're followed by Hancock, who ambles into view toting the robber's freshly SEVERED HAND, detonator and all. The police come running. Hancock clicks off the detonator, then...

HANCOCK

Heads up.

... He tosses the HAND to a wide-eyed rookie COP.

70 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

70

Up the street, Ray strains at the barricades, pumping his fist.

RAY

YES! OH YEAH, BABY!

71 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

71

Mary is rooted to the television -- she has just watched this entire thing live. She lets out a ragged sigh of RELIEF.

Despite herself... she smiles at the screen as it zooms in on Hancock. Is this smile for him?

72 INT. ADVERTISING FIRM - LOBBY - MORNING

72

A new day. Elevator doors open and Ray strides out, wearing a deal-making power suit. He moves with purpose across this ritzy ad firm lobby. He carries a laptop and a PowerPoint projector.

Turning heads in the b.g., Hancock follows in his crisp uniform and cape (a replacement for the one that got shot up). He has to walk fast to keep up with Ray. He glances around, taking in the big-money pomp of this place.

We HOLD ON a familiar poster on the wall -- a silhouetted Michael Jordan dunking a basketball. "JUST DO IT," it reads.

73 INT. AD FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

73

A PENNY lies atop Hancock's palm. He spreads it thin, just like he did for Aaron.

HANCOCK

There you go. Careful, it's hot.

He hands it to a grinning SENIOR PARTNER, who flips it back and forth between his hands. An appreciative "Whoa" goes up from the dozen EXECUTIVES who sit around this big table.

RAY

(from down on the floor)

Amazing, huh? It works even better with nickels.

SENIOR PARTNER

That is pretty neat. Is that what you wanted to show us, Ray?

RAY

No, no, no. We're almost ready here.

The Senior Partner looks to Hancock, who shrugs -- *don't ask me.* Ray crawls beneath the table, navigating executive's knees. Finding an OUTLET for his projector, he jumps to his feet.

RAY

Okay. Thank you for your patience.

Ray cranks up the PowerPoint. Up comes a bright image of the FULL MOON, projected eight feet in diameter on the wall.

RAY

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you our nearest celestial neighbor, the moon. At two thousand, one hundred-sixty miles in diameter, it is seen by all six billion people on Planet Earth.

(a dramatic beat)

You are looking at potentially the biggest billboard in human history.

Ray clicks his projector. Fading up across the MOON now comes... the red NIKE "SWOOSH" LOGO.

Eyebrows raise in surprise -- Hancock's, included. Executives stir in their fancy leather chairs.

SENIOR PARTNER

You're talking about putting the Nike Swoosh on the moon?

(off Ray's nod)

How?

RAY

Thin Mylar sheets -- each measuring five square miles and weighing about three tons.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

Three thousand seven hundred of these would have to be transported to the lunar surface and laid out like a giant jigsaw puzzle.

(a beat)

And that, of course, is where Hancock comes in.

Ray smiles at his friend. Hancock squints at him, stunned by the enormity of this idea. The cockeyed boldness of it all.

He's not half as intrigued as the executives. The Senior Partner turns to Hancock, amazed.

SENIOR PARTNER

You could really do all that?

Hancock thinks about it for a moment, then shrugs.

HANCOCK

Yeah. Shit, why not?

SENIOR PARTNER

(to Ray)

Is that even... legal?

RAY

There's no law against it. There probably will be when we're done. But for as long as it stays up there... say, six months?

(confident smile)

Every man, woman and child on the planet will look up at the night sky and think about buying your shoes.

A murmur as executive sidebar amongst themselves. Hancock folds his arms and watches, beginning to enjoy himself. Ray shoots him a wink.

The Senior Partner turns back to Ray, playing it cool.

SENIOR PARTNER

Interesting. I suppose my next question is... how much?

All eyes are on Ray. He takes a breath and smoothly answers:

RAY

I believe an advertising opportunity this wide-reaching, not to mention unique and unrepeatable... is worth seven hundred million dollars.

Hancock WHEEZES like there's something caught in his throat. The Senior Partner cracks a patronizing smile -- *ridiculous*.

SENIOR PARTNER

That's more than half our annual marketing budget.

RAY

It is -- and worth every penny in good PR. Because with it, we're going to create a Nike-endowed charity called "The Hancock Foundation." This is money we'll give to after-school programs, battered women's shelters, public health initiatives, rehab centers.

(speaking to Hancock)

Those are just a few off the top of my head. Basically, we'll donate to any and every worthwhile cause you see fit to support.

Hancock nods slowly. He's moved by this. Blown away. He may be super-strong, but Ray is one hell of a super-thinker. Smiling warmly at Hancock, Ray addresses the executives.

RAY

My good friend here saves lives one or two at a time. I want to help him save thousands. You can make that happen with the stroke of a pen.

Ray clicks the projector. The moon goes away, and replacing it is a logo for "THE HANCOCK FOUNDATION." It has a sweeping red CAPE as its central motif. It's cool.

RAY

So what do you say? In or out?
(pointing heavenward)
Keep in mind, it could just as easily be Golden Arches up there.

The executives -- great poker players, all -- turn to their boss, the Senior Partner. He studies Ray evenly.

Ray calmly stares him down. Ray doesn't so much as blink. Off Hancock, awaiting the answer with fidgety interest...

74

INT. ADVERTISING FIRM - LOBBY - MORNING

74

Minutes later. Ray stands waiting for the elevator, holding his laptop and projector. Hancock is beside him.

We're dying to find out -- what was the answer?! Judging by their blank-faced silence, we're guessing it was no.

75

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

75

They board the empty elevator. As soon as the doors close and they're both alone...

... Ray lets out a joyous SHRIEK the likes of which we've never heard. He DROPS his laptop and projector and JUMPS UP into Hancock's arms. He KISSES him on the forehead.

Hancock breaks into a shit-eating grin. He can't believe the virtuoso salesmanship he just witnessed in that room. Ray drops down out of his arms and they high-and-low five.

RAY

(singing like Tevye)

If I were a rich man... yadda-yadda scooby-doo by doo, all day long I'd biddy biddy bum, if I were a WEALTHY MA-AAAN! --

He squats and does a giddy, half-assed Russian kick-dance. Hancock frowns now, suddenly wondering something.

HANCOCK

Ray. Ray. Ray. Just one question:

(Ray settles down)

How did you know I could fly to the moon?

I mean... what if I couldn't?

Ray stands up, beaming. He claps his hands onto Hancock's shoulders and looks him straight in the eye.

RAY

I don't believe there's anything you can't do.

Hancock smiles, touched. Off Ray, dancing and singing again:

76

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

76

One of those broad streets in the flats where the palm trees are a thousand feet tall. A shiny NEW MERCEDES cruises it.

77

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

77

Mary rides shotgun. She stares up at the beautiful FULL MOON which keeps pace alongside the car. As of yet, it is unmarred by advertising. Mary frowns at it worriedly. Behind her, Hancock sits alone in the backseat, eyeing her.

Ray drives. His hands caress the glove leather wheel of his NEW CAR as if it were a cheerleader's naked behind.

He grins at his wife -- sweet, huh? She smiles and pats his leg.

Everyone is dressed for dinner: Hancock in his formfit and cape, Ray in a Canali suit. Mary's outfit is a bit quirky, but hip. She isn't trying to look sexy, but she pretty much can't help it.

Ray takes Mary's hand and squeezes it. She looks at her husband with affection. Behind her, Hancock can't help but see.

From his vantage point, he gazes at the side of her pretty face -- her jawline, her earring. Her neck. She won't look back his way, but we sense she wants to.

RAY

How's the temperature back there? It's got dual intuitive climate zones, which I don't know exactly what that means, but...

HANCOCK

It's good, man. I'm good. Nice car.

RAY

I owe it all to you.

Trying to put his mind off Mary, Hancock stares out his window at the palm trees sliding past.

78

EXT. LUCQUES RESTAURANT - NIGHT

78

Powerful business and Hollywood types dine outside in the rear courtyard. Lots of loud talking and laughing.

But now, a ripple goes through the place. Diners fall silent. Heads turn toward a new arrival. Is it Tom Cruise? Bono? Nelson Mandela?

All eyes focus on HANCOCK, who walks through the courtyard, his cape wafting behind him. Ray and Mary accompany him as a nervous HOSTESS shows them to the best table in the house.

Hancock glances around out of the corner of his eye. *Shit.* Everybody still hates him. They're all gonna throw down their napkins and leave.

Wrong. Because now, one matronly woman begins to CLAP. Then a middle-aged guy with a pony tail does the same thing. Now, a whole table of scruffy actor-dudes.

APPLAUSE spreads through the restaurant. It takes Hancock a long, bewildered moment to realize this is all for HIM.

Ray's face is about to split open, he's grinning so wide.

RAY

Get used to it.

Hancock looks to Mary, catches her eye. She's happy for him.

Hancock can't help but smile. He nods, gingerly gives a wave to the crowd. This feels... pretty wonderful.

79

EXT. LUCQUES RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

79

Halfway through the meal. The wine flows freely. An empty bottle gets taken away and a fresh one is uncorked.

Ray is feelin' fine -- well on his way to being lit.

RAY

We need to get this man a date. Three at a table feels unbalanced.

(toasts Hancock)

To getting you laid -- my next big project.

Hancock clinks glasses with Ray, smiling sheepishly at Mary. Ray finishes his wine and pours himself another.

MARY

Honey, slow down a little.

RAY

You know the key to it? Really expensive wine won't get you drunk.

MARY

Uh-huh. Lean over here, wouldja?

Ray leans close so that Mary can examine a WINE SPOT on his tie. She dips her napkin in her water glass and works on it for him. It's an intimate, comfortable moment between them.

Watching this is tough on Hancock. He drains his own wine glass and refills it to the brim.

HANCOCK

So, how'd you two meet?

RAY

Five years ago this October. Aaron had just started kindergarten at the school where Mary used to teach.

Seeing Hancock's confusion, Ray backs up.

RAY

Aaron's mother was my first wife. She passed away when he was four months old.

HANCOCK

Oh. Gotcha.

RAY

I go to his first open-house -- you know, the assembly thing they do for the parents? My son is on stage with all the other kids, and they are singing like angels. Just beautiful. And who do I see conducting it all?

(beaming at Mary)

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

Only the goddamned best-looking elementary school music teacher I have ever laid eyes on in my life. I couldn't look away.

The wine has loosened him up, but Ray loves her so much. Mary feels the same. He smooches her fondly and she kisses him back.

They're one happy couple. Hancock smiles, but looks lonelier than ever. Glancing at Hancock guardedly, Mary speaks up.

MARY

So... what should we know about you?

RAY

Yeah, buddy -- let's hear it.

(eagerly leans forward)

You're from another planet, aren't you?

HANCOCK

(makes a face)

Man, I'm from L.A. East side.

RAY

You didn't land here in a meteor?

HANCOCK

Not that I know of. I woke up in an alley in Boyle Heights. That's the first thing I remember.

He shrugs, as if that's it. Ray gestures for more.

HANCOCK

I had my own blood all over me. It was stinging my eyes, I couldn't see. I'd been hit in the head with a brick. Skull was fractured. They told me later I tried to stop a couple muggers who were beating some old man. One of 'em bashed me good.

Mary is troubled by this story. Ray is confounded by it.

RAY

Wait, wait. Someone knocked YOU out?

HANCOCK

Yeah. I was a normal guy. Before. But when I woke up, I was... changed. In the hospital they'd try and stick a needle in my arm, it'd break against my skin. I broke a blood pressure cuff just flexing my biceps. My skull healed in like, a day. Doctors were astounded -- wanted to know my story, same as you. But I couldn't tell 'em. I don't know who I am.

RAY
You've got amnesia? From the blow to the head?

HANCOCK
That's what they figured.

MARY
What about now?
(he shakes his head)
You don't remember anything at all?

HANCOCK
Nothing. I didn't have any ID on me.
Nobody ever reported me missing.
(shrug)
When I checked out, a nurse asked me for my John Hancock. I figured that's as good a name as any.

Mary drinks her wine, smooths her napkin with her fingers.

MARY
Were you lonely?

He shrugs. Nods. It's a painful subject for him. Mary pours herself more wine. This story makes her very sad.

Ray is just plain befuddled.

RAY
How come I never heard of any of this?
Why wasn't it in the papers?

HANCOCK
It probably was. Sixty years ago.

Ray's mouth drops.

RAY
Sixty years ago?! What are you saying?
You telling me you got mugged when you were like... negative 24 years old?!

HANCOCK
I don't age.

Mary hears the melancholy in his voice. He puts on a brave face.

HANCOCK
Freaky, huh? I always looked this fine.

RAY
Jesus. Will you live forever?

HANCOCK

I don't know.

MARY

When did you decide to... to do what you do? Fight crime?

HANCOCK

I knocked around forty, fifty years, keeping to myself. I felt like a freak. But this feeling kept gnawing at me. Like there was something I was supposed to do.

He shrugs, doesn't know how else to say it. Mary is rapt.

HANCOCK

I started looking for people to help. People who needed saving. I kept it quiet for years. But one day, when I figured out I could actually fly...

(trails off; shrugs)

What I do just feels... right to me. Even when nobody appreciates it.

He glances at Mary -- notices she has TEARS welling in her eyes. Hancock looks to Ray. They're both surprised by this.

RAY

Honey, you okay?

HANCOCK

(meaning to comfort Mary)

Really, it's no big deal. I figure I'll get my memory back someday. Matter of fact -- you know how you always see on TV where a guy has amnesia, then he gets hit on the head and remembers everything? Every now and then I jump off a tall building and land on my head. I figure "What the hell?" So...

He trails off, seeing that Mary is CRYING full-bore now. Folks turn to look. Ray puts his arm around her, alarmed.

RAY

Hey, hey, hey. Sweetheart...

MARY

I'm good! I'm good!

Mary HUGS Ray tight, burying her face in his shoulder as she tries to stifle her SOBS. Hancock glances around, wondering what the hell it was he said. Ray shrugs sheepishly.

RAY

She does that sometimes.

Buzzed Ray knocks back his wine.

80

EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - NIGHT

80

It's after midnight. Mary stands on the steps, paying the teenaged BABYSITTER in cash.

MARY

Thanks, Holly. I hope we didn't keep you too late.

BABYSITTER

No, really, it's... fine.

The girl distractedly watches famous superhero Hancock climb past her, carrying Ray in his arms like an enormous baby. Ray is passed out drunk. Hancock gives the babysitter a nod.

HANCOCK

How ya doin'?

He disappears into the house, accidentally BONKING Ray's head on the doorframe as he goes. Mary forces a smile at the star-struck babysitter, ready for her to leave now.

81

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

The room is dark. Hancock lays Ray atop the bed and pulls a quilt over him. Behind him, Mary stands silhouetted in the bedroom doorway. Ray comes to for a brief, slurry moment.

RAY

You're staying the night. No arguments!
You're too drunk to fly.

With that, he passes out again. Hancock glances to Mary.

82

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

82

Hancock descends the stairs in silence. Mary follows behind.

MARY

How's your back?
(off his look)
I saw on TV. You got shot up pretty good.
(a beat)
May I see?

Hancock considers, then pulls aside his cape. He lifts the back of his formfit, revealing... several painful-looking RAISED WELTS. The skin isn't broken, but he's badly bruised.

It pains Mary to see this. She reaches a hand to touch the bruises, then stops herself, thinking better of it. Instead:

MARY

Sorry I got so emotional tonight.

HANCOCK

No big deal.

MARY

You and Ray must be thinking there's something seriously wrong with me. Like "Get this woman her medication!"

HANCOCK

Nah.

MARY

But it had absolutely nothing to do with you. Honestly.

He nods, not buying it. He lowers his uniform back into place and turns to face her.

MARY

So, you've gotta be thrilled, huh? People love you. Corporate tie-ins. What more could you want?

(a beat; carefully)

I say maybe... you and Ray should part company while you're both ahead.

Hancock stares. Not arguing, not questioning. He simply stares at her. They're standing very close now. Mary grows nervous. We realize she's not scared of him -- she's scared of herself.

MARY

You go your way, we go ours. It's best for everybody. Don't you think?

He leans in and KISSES her. He doesn't force it -- it just happens. For a brief moment, Mary allows it to happen.

Against all good judgement, Mary closes her eyes and kisses him back. It's not one of those hungry, bodice-ripping deals. It's just a prolonged, gentle kiss.

And Mary likes it. Too much. Feeling guilty and ashamed...

... Her eyes open. Pure reflex -- she shoves Hancock. HARD.

And he goes RIGHT THROUGH the fucking WALL! BOOOOOOOM! And he doesn't stop there! He plummets backwards, crossing the front yard airborne and T-BONING a parked Isuzu. He hits it so hard every window SHATTERS and the car actually DEFORMS around him. It skids sideways, caroming into a van parked on the opposite side of the street.

Staring out at him through the hole in her wall, Mary winces with keen regret. Oh shit.

83

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

83

Hancock sits on the asphalt, lodged in the side of the Isuzu. Stunned, he comes to and lifts his eyes in time to see...

... Mary nimbly ALIGHTING before him. Apparently, she just LEAPED or FLEW the hundred feet between the house and here.

She glances around for witnesses. Neighbors are awake now. LIGHTS click on up and down the street. A dog is BARKING. Not much time. Mary glares down at Hancock, hisses at him:

MARY

If Ray finds out about me, you're dead! --

AARON (O.S.)

Mary..?

Mary turns to see wide-eyed little AARON in the distant b.g., appearing in the gaping HOLE in the house. He's in his SpongeBob pajamas. The BOOM woke him up, too.

MARY

Stay right there, Sweetie! Everything's fine!

Mary pins Hancock with a warning look -- *keep your mouth shut!* She turns on her heel and jogs back home.

Hancock wrenches himself loose from the Isuzu with a SQUEAL of tortured metal. He rises unsteadily to his feet, watching Mary as she strides through the front door of her house, slamming and locking it behind her.

As seen through the HOLE, she leads Aaron out of view and clicks off the lights so that the house goes DARK.

Hancock stands blinking dumbly. What the fuck just happened? When did Mary get so STRONG? What is she hiding? Who is she?

NEIGHBORS step out of their houses, confused and alarmed.

NEIGHBOR

Oh my god... look at my CAR!

Hancock figures he'd better split. He quickly sneaks away unseen, then flies off into the darkness.

84

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

84

Bright sun shines in the windows. It's a beautiful new day. We find RAY alone in bed, still passed out in last night's clothes. He's face-down and drooling peacefully.

The loud shriek of a SAW breaks the silence. Ray awakes with a start. He winces in pain from his hangover.

He rises, stumbling out of the room and down the hall.

85

EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - MORNING

85

From the front yard, we're looking in through the gaping HOLE in the wall. Here outside, TWO WORKMEN have begun repairs. One of them cuts plywood with a circular saw.

Half asleep, Ray obliviously plods by, holding his ears and passing in and out of view inside the house. We hang here on this empty frame until... wait for it...

... Ray steps back into view from the opposite direction. He's awake now. Deadpan, he stares at the damage, then tentatively calls out:

RAY

Honey..?

86

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM - MORNING

86

Ray's home office. A TRAVEL WEBSITE is up on the computer. A huge SUITCASE gets yanked out of a closet by MARY.

MARY

I'm in here!

She pulls out more suitcases, not making eye-contact with Ray as he wanders into the room. We hear SAWING and HAMMERING.

MARY

Sweetie, how you feeling?

She's way chipper. Nonchalant. Ray nods absently and cocks a thumb over his shoulder toward the front of the house.

RAY

Head hurts. A bit. Listen, uh --

MARY

-- You really slept in this morning! I already took Aaron to school. I'm taking a sick day, myself -- I've got a bunch saved up, so big deal. We can spend the whole day together!

RAY

Great. Right on. Mary... why is there a gigantic hole in the house?

(off her hesitation)

You know? 'Cause I don't... remember that.

MARY
(a long beat)
Hancock sneezed.

RAY
Hancock sneezed?

She throws up her hands -- *crazy, huh?*

MARY
Last night he was in the living room,
ready to leave and Ker-choo. Boom.

Ray blinks, astonished.

RAY
Jesus. Thank God he didn't fart.

MARY
Not to say I told you so, but...

RAY
You told me he'd sneeze down the front of
our house?

MARY
(turning sharp)
I told you him being around was not a good
thing. I believe I said that on numerous
occasions. I mean -- God forbid, what if
he sneezed at Aaron?

She folds her arms. Ray looks to the SUITCASES at her feet.

RAY
Are we going somewhere?

MARY
Ideally? Yeah. I think we could use a
vacation.

RAY
(cautiously)
Where to?

MARY
I dunno. Australia, I'm thinking.

RAY
Australia. Huh.

He's starting to look at her with concern. Mary tries to sound breezy again, but a hint of desperation leaks through.

MARY

They've got these amazing packages online. Aaron can miss a little school, no problem. Just the three of us, spending time together. Which... I really think we need, Ray.

She's practically pleading. Ray studies her, speaks gently.

RAY

Mary, Hancock and I are in the middle of launching a half-billion dollar charity. I'm putting together a launch party, locking down the venue, hiring the entertainment -- not to mention overseeing the manufacture of two million acres of red Mylar.

(can't help but chuckle)

Australia, Honey? Now?

HANCOCK (O.S.)

Anybody home?

Mary squeezes her eyes shut -- this is the last person she wants to see. Down the hall in b.g., Hancock steps through the HOLE in the house and wanders toward them. This morning he's dressed in STREET CLOTHES.

HANCOCK

Hey.

(thumbs over his shoulder)

Door was open.

RAY

No shit.

Mary speaks up quickly, addressing Hancock.

MARY

I told Ray how you sneezed and knocked the wall down.

She fixes him with a pointed stare -- *don't say otherwise!*

HANCOCK

Is that what you told him?

(to Ray)

I guess that's how it happened.

He glances at Mary, yitzing her right back. Ray's desk phone RINGS. Ray checks the caller ID.

RAY

Mary. Mary --

Mary answers the phone, playing secretary.

MARY

Embrey Public Relations. How may I direct your call?

(a beat)

Yes, Mr. Hoffman. Please hold for Mr. Embrey.

She hands the phone to Ray, who pauses. He cups his palm over the mouthpiece and grins at his wife.

RAY

They're giving me my own office today. You'll never need to do that again.

(into the phone)

Todd! What can I do you for?

Ray steps aside, sticks his finger in his free ear to block out the SAWING. While he talks in b.g., Mary -- antsy as hell -- is left with Hancock. They keep their voices LOW.

HANCOCK

You and me gotta talk.

MARY

Go. Away.

He studies her face closely, trying hard to remember.

HANCOCK

We didn't meet the day I saved Ray's life. You knew me before that.

(off her scared look)

Yeah. Way before. Right? How? Tell me how we knew each other.

MARY

Get out of here. Please.

HANCOCK

Fine. Maybe I better ask Ray.

Mary swallows hard. Trapped, she unwillingly gives in.

MARY

This afternoon. I'll come to you.

He stares at her a beat, deciding.

HANCOCK

Excelsior Hotel. Downtown.

She nods curtly and turns away. Hancock reluctantly leaves.

Across the room, Ray finishes his phone call and hangs up. He glances around, confused.

RAY
Where'd he go?

Mary doesn't hear him. Her mind is racing.

87 EXT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - AFTERNOON

87

A once-grand old fireproof hotel, this place now finds itself smack-dab in junkie-land. Rooms rent by the week. If you want to conduct your business unnoticed, this is the place.

The minivan pulls to the curb. Mary sits behind the wheel, peering up at the old hotel. Working up her nerve.

88 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - HANCOCK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

88

Thick mesh suicide screens cover the windows. This place is depressing. Hancock's uniform and cape droops on a hanger.

Hancock wears jeans and t-shirt. He sits on the edge of the bed. He's going stir-crazy, waiting.

There's a RAP on the door -- he jumps up and throws it open. Mary steps in and closes the door behind her. Locks it.

She stares up at him, nervous and angry all at once.

MARY
I'm gonna set the ground rules.
Understand?
(off his nod)
First ground rule -- I am happily married.
I have a family. I love them and they
need me and nothing is gonna get in the
way of that.

HANCOCK
I just wanna know --

MARY
-- Uh-uh-uh-uh! I talk. You do not talk.
This is a monologue, not a dialogue.
(off his silence)
Now, you've got questions. You're
bursting with questions for me: who are
you, who am I, why can we both do the
things we do --

HANCOCK
-- Goddamned right!

MARY
-- Uh-uh-uh!
(he shuts up)
I won't answer them. Take it from me,
you're happier not knowing.
(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)
(determined)
So, second ground rule, no questions.
That's not what I'm here for.

HANCOCK
Then why the hell are you here?

MARY
Third ground rule: after this, you stay away. You tell Ray nothing. You and he finish your business together, then you leave us alone. You go on with your life like you never even heard of me.

She falls silent, glaring at him. A beat. Hancock shrugs.

HANCOCK
End of monologue? Can I talk now?
(Mary nods)
What are you, nuts?! Why would I agree to that? What's in it for me?

Answering his question, Mary swallows hard and begins to UNBUTTON her DRESS. Her fingers tremble slightly.

Hancock blinks. Whoa. Mary kicks off her shoes.

MARY
(muttering to herself)
Sixty years of peace and quiet -- then you go turning up like a bad penny.
Unbelievable. Why the hell didn't I move to New York?

Her dress falls to the floor. She stands here in her bra and panties, looking stunning. In Blackberry language, OMG.

Hancock stands staring. He finally remembers to breathe.

MARY
One time only. Yes or no?

Hancock thinks about it a moment, then yanks off his shirt. He pulls his pants down so fast that he trips and falls sideways. Mary fumbles with her bra hooks.

She lets the rest of her clothes drop. She stands before him naked (framed PG-13, of course). Her heart is beating fast.

HANCOCK
Mary... you are just beauti --

MARY
--- UH-UH!

He shuts up, but keeps staring at her with desire. He climbs up off the floor and onto the bed. He takes her by the hand and gently pulls her toward him.

Mary shuts her eyes, hating herself. Under her breath:

MARY

Oh god, what am I doing?

Nonetheless, she lets him KISS her. He eases on top of her.

Although she's doing this for England, as it were, there's more going on here. Mary has feelings she wants desperately to deny -- but she can't. As Hancock kisses her, she starts to kiss back. What begins as rote becomes passionate.

He enters her. She inhales a quick breath and gives in to the overwhelming pleasure of it all. Later, she'll beat herself up, but right now...

MARY

You're holding back.

Hancock looks at her, surprised. Indeed, he is. This is conventional, human lovemaking. Sexy, but conventional.

MARY

Stop holding back.

With her encouragement, he lets loose. What follows is the most energetic sex scene in movie history. Literally.

First off, the bed collapses. No surprise. But then, in sync with the rhythmic BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, the window cracks and shatters. The old wallpaper starts to PEEL.

A huge oak dresser clippety-clops across the floor. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. The drawers spill open. A mirror breaks. The Gideon Bible flops out of the nightstand, its pages riffling.

CRACKS snake across the plaster ceiling, dust sifting down. Light fixtures fall and SMASH to pieces.

89 EXT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - AFTERNOON

89

Out front, a puddle reflects the hotel. Concentric RIPPLES dance across it ala "Jurassic Park." BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

Parked cars begin to rock and WAIL, their alarms set off by the thumping. A streetlight shimmies. People run to stand in doorways, thinking it's an earthquake.

90 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - HANCOCK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

90

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. Hunks of plaster rain down, bombarding everything. Hancock and Mary don't even notice.

Close now, Hancock rolls them over so that Mary's on top.

HANCOCK

Wait, wait, wait, wait...

It's reflex -- he tries to push her off like he did with the Young Waitress. He can't, however. Mary holds on tight.

HANCOCK

Ah, god. Ahh...

He finishes... without blowing the top of her head off. Cringing, he opens his eyes, afraid to look -- only to see Mary gazing down at him, alive and well. He's amazed.

For the first time, he's BREATHING HARD. He's actually worked up a sweat. Mary, too. They both catch their breath.

HANCOCK

That was, uh. Yeah.

Outside, car alarms HONK, WAIL and AH-OOGAH. Hancock and Mary briefly enjoy the afterglow.

An odd expression comes over Hancock's face. He stares at his hand, makes a fist and clenches it.

HANCOCK

Man, feel kinda. Weak. Wow.

It's a novel feeling. CLOSE ON Mary, who is already consumed by crushing GUILT. Hearing this makes things worse for her. Without a word, she rises and puts on her clothes.

HANCOCK

What's your hurry? Mary...

She snaps on her bra, pulls up her dress and quickly buttons it. She's not quite able to look him in the eye.

HANCOCK

(frowns)

Wait a minute. We're not brother and sister, are we?

MARY

Jesus Christ! Just remember our deal.

She walks out the door without looking back. Hancock can't believe this. He jumps up and pulls on his pants.

91

EXT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - AFTERNOON

91

Mary's minivan is WAILING away, headlights FLASHING -- set off, like the other vehicles, by vigorous super-sex. Mary beeps off the alarm and climbs inside.

92

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

92

Mary poises her key over the ignition, but then just sits here. Now that she's by herself... her eyes well with TEARS. She lowers her head till it touches the steering wheel.

MARY
(barely audible)
Dammit. God--dammit.

We hear a faint o.s. SQUEE-EEAK. Mary abruptly lifts her head, looks down -- oh shit.

Without meaning to, she's BENT the top of the steering wheel like licorice. It's all warped out of shape now.

With a worried glance around to make sure nobody is watching, Mary wipes her eyes and -- SQUEEEEE-AAK! -- bends it straight.

A TAP on the glass makes her JUMP. Hancock is at her window. She slams her minivan into gear, but before she can drive off, he LIFTS the passenger side a few inches -- enough to get the right rear DRIVE WHEEL spinning free.

Mary is stuck here. Exasperated, she powers down the window.

HANCOCK
You don't even say goodbye to me?

MARY
Goodbye. Let the car down.

HANCOCK
How can you be in such a hurry to leave?
Mary, that was amazing.

MARY
Trust me, it's all downhill from there.
(glances around; agitated)
Let me GO. We have a deal and I expect
you to honor it!

Hancock shakes his head. No. It's his turn to get pissed, and it starts off as a slow burn.

HANCOCK
These last sixty years, it's just been me.
I had nobody. It's like... like being
stuck on a desert island.
(angry and hurt)
You let that happen. You let me think I
was alone here.

MARY
I did what was best for both of us.

HANCOCK

How do I know that? You won't even tell me who I am! You throw me one mercy-boink and I'm supposed to just roll over? Walk away?

MARY

(pleading)

I told you, you're happier not knowing.

HANCOCK

What? Look at me! I'm miserable!

MARY

You are happier without me.

HANCOCK

Why is it so wrong for us to be together?
We're two of a kind!

Mary swallows hard. She's angry with herself, not with him. She feels deeply for Hancock. Nonetheless:

MARY

I am married. I love my husband. If you have any respect for Ray -- for all he's done for you -- you'll forget this ever happened.

Hancock is beyond frustrated. Bitter.

HANCOCK

If you had respect for Ray you'd tell him who you really are! Doesn't he deserve to know who he's married to?

(a beat; eyes narrowing)

Yeah... maybe if he knew, things might be a little different, huh?

Mary's eyes go wide with alarm.

MARY

Don't you DARE! Don't you --

Too late. He drops the minivan, then up, up and AWAY he goes. Mary is beside herself -- she even considers flying after him, then glances around and decides against it. She floors the accelerator and roars off in a SQUEAL of rubber.

93

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - AFTERNOON

93

The famous "HOLLYWOOD" SIGN. Above it, a tiny comet rips through the sky, leaving behind a contrail. A SONIC BOOM rattles us. A couple of panels fall loose from the sign's "D" and cartwheel down the hillside.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON a picture hook being tapped into a wall. A framed PHOTOGRAPH gets hung on the hook. It's the Sears family portrait of Ray, Mary and Aaron. What a loving, smiling threesome.

Ray straightens this portrait just so. Satisfied, he looks around, and we get a WIDE VIEW of his new office. It's big and airy and bright, with wide picture windows that front onto a quiet sidestreet.

Ray is alone here. He wanders across the broad room, his hand brushing a leather chair, a copper lamp. The furnishings are tasteful and expensive. Ray settles behind his big desk with its flat-screen computer. He picks off a tiny piece of lint and flicks it in the trash can. Perfect.

He sits here contented and appreciative, breathing in this new office smell. He has finally, unequivocally made it.

HANCOCK (O.S.)

Ray.

Ray snaps out of his reverie and sees Hancock standing in the doorway. Ray grins and rises to his feet.

RAY

Hey, Buddy! Whaddya think?

Hancock steps inside, barely glancing at the place.

HANCOCK

Nice.

RAY

Wait till you meet my new secretary. Ouch. She doesn't start till tomorrow, but she's dying to meet you. And I didn't see a ring.

HANCOCK

Ray, can I talk to you?

Ray can tell something is eating his friend.

RAY

Always. Have a seat.

Hancock sits. Ray pulls a bottle of bourbon out of a maple sideboard and pours Hancock a tall drink.

RAY

How you doing? Everything okay?

Hancock says nothing -- just takes the quadruple whiskey Ray hands him and downs it, glug-glug-glug.

RAY

Jesus. Maybe I should have one, too.

(pours a small second)

You worried about the launch party? Trust me, it's gonna go smooth.

HANCOCK

Nah, it's not that.

RAY

You're not firing me, are you?

He says this jokingly. Hancock makes a face.

HANCOCK

Shit, no. You and me are fine.

RAY

So what's the bad news?

HANCOCK

(considers a moment)

I prefer to see it as good news.

Hancock grows energized. Whipped up. He rises to his feet and starts to pace.

HANCOCK

Yeah. Like, good news and bad news, but where the good news is ninety percent and the bad news is maybe only...

(does the math)

... Ten percent. If that.

RAY

(completely in the dark)

Okay.

HANCOCK

The good news is... I-I really think I've found my soul-mate.

RAY

Yeah?

HANCOCK

Yeah. I've felt like a freak of nature so goddamned long, you can't even believe.

But this person, this being? I dunno what you call her. Hell, I dunno what you call me, for that matter -- but she and I, we're meant for each other. I-I feel it.

(a beat)

And... and my god, Ray, the sex...

Ray's eyebrows rise.

RAY
Whoa. That good?

HANCOCK
Un-believable. I don't have, like, words.

RAY
Wow. Well, Buddy... that's fantastic!

HANCOCK
You're happy for me, yeah? I mean, a friend is happy for another friend's happiness, right?

RAY
Absolutely -- I'm ecstatic.
Congratulations! A toast!

Ray pours him another shot. They clink glasses and drink.

RAY
So what's the bad news?

HANCOCK
The what?

RAY
The ten-percent bad news.

HANCOCK
Oh. Yeah. Well...
(shrugs; "sorry, man")
It's your wife.

Ray's smile... slowly... fades. His eyebrows narrow. Hancock realizes he might have stated this a tad abruptly.

HANCOCK
But you gotta understand, Ray -- she's strong. I mean she is like, super-strong. Exactly like me. She's the one who put the hole in your house! She's been keeping it a secret from you the entire time you've known her. But you and I respect each other enough to tell the truth.

(deep breath)
And now that I have, I'm kinda hoping you'll... you know. Step aside.

Ray stares at him. Shakes his head and squints at him.

RAY
Whhhh..? What?

BANG! The office door flies open. Ray looks past Hancock, over his shoulder to --

-- MARY, who has just arrived. Her hair is wild. She just set a world soccer mom speed record getting here. One look at Ray's face tells her the shit has hit the fan.

HANCOCK

Perfect timing. Show him, Mary. Enough with the lies.

Mary closes the door. She works to compose herself.

MARY

I... have no idea what he's been telling you, Ray. I-I think he's gone completely insane.

HANCOCK

Aw, you know what? The hell with this. Watch closely, Ray.

Before anyone can react, Hancock hefts an overstuffed leather chair -- and **THROWS IT** like a medicine ball. Right at Mary.

It's like watching someone get hit by a car. **BAM!** Mary gets driven halfway through the sheetrock **WALL**.

RAY

AAAH! What are you **DOING?! --**

Ray bolts to help Mary, who lies like a ragdoll, eyes closed. Ray heaves the heavy chair off of her. Hancock frowns.

HANCOCK

You were s'posed to catch it, Mary.

RAY

(patting her cheek)
Honey?! Honey, you alright?!

HANCOCK

C'mon Ray, she's faking! Don't be a schmuck.

RAY

You goddamned **LUNATIC!**
(to Mary)
Hang on, Honey. Hang on --

Mary still lies motionless. Hancock shakes his head, picks up the chair once more and poises it over her.

HANCOCK

Lady, I will hit you again. Don't think I won't. Tell him!

RAY

STOP IT! --

HANCOCK

You're making us both look pretty stupid here, Mary.

Ray runs at Hancock. He tries to tackle him, shove him away. Good luck. Hancock doesn't budge.

RAY

GET AWAY FROM HER! GET AWAY!

HANCOCK

She's faking, Ray! I'm telling you -- the kind of sex we had? It'd kill an ordinary woman!

On the floor, Mary's eyes pop open. That did it.

She stands up, glaring daggers at Hancock. She grabs him by the collar and THROWS HIM STRAIGHT UP -- KA-BOOOM! Right through the CEILING. Clean out of sight.

Ray looks to his wife, goggle-eyed. A beat... then BOOOM! Down comes Hancock, busting a SECOND HOLE in the ceiling.

He lands like a two-ton sack of shit, plaster and roofing raining down on top of him.

He lies flat on his back, gingerly checks his ribs. Ouch.

HANCOCK

See?

Hancock pulls a cotton candy hunk of fiberglass insulation out of his hair. He painfully rises to his feet.

Mary stands here with her face buried in her hands. After a long, distressed moment, she turns to her husband.

MARY

Ray... Honey...

Ray stares at her, frozen. He feels a sudden, overwhelming urge to sit down.

RAY

Who are you people?

MARY

I'm your wife, Ray.

HANCOCK

I kinda don't think that's what he's asking.

She glares at Hancock. But he and Ray are both awaiting an answer. There's no way to stall it any longer.

Mary bites her lip. God, how she hates having to do this.

MARY

We are... who we are.

(shrug)

We've always been here. There used to be others like us. He and I are the last.

HANCOCK

What happened to the others?

Mary studies Hancock a moment.

MARY

They grew old and died. So long ago, I barely remember.

HANCOCK

How come we haven't?

She stares at him sadly.

MARY

That's not our fate.

Mary won't elaborate. She turns back to Ray.

MARY

We all used to live in the open. Not in secret. People knew us back then. We'd help them, we'd... protect them. Different cultures called us by different names.

It dawns on Ray what she's getting at. His head is spinning.

RAY

And w-what? They prayed to you? You were... gods?

MARY

That's just a word, Ray. "Gods."
"Angels." They're only names, like "Mary" or "Hancock." Now it's "superhero" they call him.

(meaning Hancock)

It's words. It doesn't have to change who I am to you.

HANCOCK

Hell it doesn't.

(to Ray)

(MORE)

HANCOCK (cont'd)

You two aren't even the same species.
That'd freak the crap outta me.

Mary is ready to pound Hancock, but Ray abruptly stands up.

RAY

I gotta... I gotta go.

MARY

(pleading)

Ray. Don't listen to him. Ray? --

Ray walks out the door. Mary turns to Hancock, uncorking on him.

MARY

You wreck everything you touch!

HANCOCK

Me? I'm the only one who puts things
right!

(right back at her)

And what were you gonna tell him forty
years from now, when he's pissing in a
diaper and you still look like this? You
don't think maybe he'd catch on?

She has no answer for that, but she's still furious at him. She
heads out to follow Ray. Hancock yells after her.

HANCOCK

You're gonna come to your senses, Mary!
You're gonna realize you and me belong
together!

She's long gone. Frustrated, Hancock turns and KICKS a heavy
filing cabinet -- BWWWONG! It JUMPS.

OW! Dammit. Hancock hops in place, wincing and rubbing his toe.
It takes him a second to stop and realize...

... Wait a minute. Pain? From a stubbed toe? Off Hancock,
confused and troubled by this:

95 EXT. SANTA MONICA STREET - AFTERNOON

95

Ray's new Mercedes speeds along, weaving through traffic.

96 INT. MERCEDES - AFTERNOON

96

Alone in his car, Ray drives fast. His whole world has turned
upside-down. He doesn't know whether he's coming or going. He
doesn't know what to do.

Trying to make sense of everything he just heard, a thought dawns
on him. A crazy, haunting thought. He clicks his blinker, slows
and makes a U-turn.

97

INT. NURSING HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

97

Magic hour. Reddish gold sunset glows through the windows. Ninety-eight year-old EMMA lies in her adjustable bed, which is cranked high so that she can watch the sun go down.

Ray appears in her doorway, hanging back a moment. Tentatively, he crosses to her bedside.

RAY

Hey, Emma. How are you today?

He touches her hand, managing a smile. All poor Emma can do is track him with her eyes. He sits in the chair beside her.

Ray studies Emma closely. He's not here simply to visit. There's a question that weighs heavy on his mind.

Ray shifts in his chair, sensing a presence behind him. Someone is in the doorway. He glances over his shoulder, then faces Emma once more. A beat.

RAY

(quietly)

Emma is your daughter, isn't she?

We RACK-FOCUS to MARY, standing behind him. She says nothing for a moment or two. She steps around to the far side of Emma's bed. She gives the old woman a kiss and holds her hand.

MARY

She was born in a hospital in Boyle Heights. I don't think it's there anymore. April 4th, 1908. Her birth mother was fifteen years old, couldn't raise her. So I took her. I held her when she was just a few hours old. She was beautiful -- full head of blonde hair. Smiling at me. I remember my heart actually ached when I saw her. Really, it felt like it would burst wide open.

(smiles at the memory)

Emmaline Alice Barnes, I named her. I went by "Barnes" back then.

Mary brushes her daughter's hair with her hand, smoothing it. The old woman stares up at her mother with love in her eyes.

Ray doesn't know what to say. Just listens.

MARY

I've lived forever, Ray. I've seen it all and done it all. I've been witness to history -- spent time in every country, spoken every language. But I'd give anything to be human.

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)
Because in the blink of an eye, the people
I love grow old and they're gone... and
I'm left behind.

She wants to cry, but won't. Her voice stays low and even.

MARY
Still, love is all I've got.
(a beat)
And I can't bear the thought of losing
yours.

Ray is silent for a long moment. Deep in thought.

RAY
Decades from now, it's the same story for
Aaron? You'll visit him in a place like
this?

Mary swallows, nods.

RAY
And me. The same for me.

Again, she nods. He thinks about it.

RAY
So I'm just... one thin chapter in a very
long book.

MARY
Ray...

RAY
How is that a marriage? "In sickness and
in health, till death do us part?" How
are we...?
(searching for words)
... We're not in this together, you and
me.
(a beat)
What do we have that isn't built on lies?
On bullshit?
(realizing)
I don't even know your real name.

Mary feels shamed. Miserable.

MARY
I don't either anymore.
(a beat)
I'm so sorry, Ray.

RAY
I don't think I can do this.

He doesn't say it to be hurtful -- he means it. It isn't what Mary hoped to hear. Crushed and bewildered, Ray slowly rises to his feet and exits.

Mary is left with Emma. Off Mary, brokenhearted...

98 EXT. RAY'S SISTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

98

We're in the front yard of a nice brick rancher in Thousand Oaks. LUCY EMBREY stands out here, arms folded against the evening chill. She's a friendly-faced mom in her thirties. She stares toward the street, concerned.

Ray's Mercedes pulls to the curb. Ray climbs out, nods to her. He coaxes Aaron out of the car.

They trudge up the yard toward Lucy, Ray carrying a couple of child-size SUITCASES and a BACKPACK -- Aaron's stuff.

RAY
Hey, Lucy. Thanks.

Lucy nods, worried for Ray. She studies his face. It reminds us of a balloon with half the air leaked out. Nonetheless, Ray puts on a cheerful smile for his son.

RAY
Alright, big man -- you get to hang out with all your cousins. Maybe Kevin'll let you play his new Playstation, huh?

LUCY
I wouldn't be surprised. It's awful good to see you, Sweetheart.

AARON
Hey, Aunt Lucy.

Aaron is being a brave kid -- but something is going on with his Dad and Mary, and it's got him scared. He crooks his finger to Ray, wanting to speak to him privately. Ray squats face-to-face with the boy.

AARON
(whisper)
I don't wanna stay here.

RAY
Honey, it's just for a few days.

AARON
(whisper)
I want us to be with Mary.

Ray stares at his son, not knowing what to say. He does his best to hide that his heart is breaking.

99 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - DAY

99

The neighborhood is quiet. The minivan is in the driveway, but the Mercedes is gone. PLYWOOD SHEETING covers the hole in this pretty little house like an ugly brown scab.

100 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

100

The damage to the outside feels mirrored in the mood on the inside. Mary wears an oversized t-shirt and pajama bottoms, and her hair is a rat's nest.

A microwave dinner sits before her, untouched. She stares blankly at the two EMPTY CHAIRS opposite her.

Her life is coming apart and she doesn't know what to do.

101 EXT. UNIVERSAL CITYWALK - EVENING

101

Days later. The full moon is overhead (no Nike Swoosh yet). Below it, Universal Citywalk teems with PASSERSBY coming and going. A growing crowd mills about in front of the closed curtain of a large scaffold stage.

Billboard-size banners for THE HANCOCK FOUNDATION are hung left and right. Jumbotron screens display tasteful images of smiling children, grateful seniors, the hungry being fed, the sick being cared for -- all good works which the Foundation will provide.

Folks wait for the show to start. It's a free event, and the audience is from every corner of SoCal. The PRESS is here with their satellite trucks.

102 EXT. CITYWALK - BEHIND THE VIP CORDON - EVENING

102

Mere minutes until the curtain goes up, and it's controlled chaos back here. Entering past SECURITY is Ray. He hasn't slept, hasn't shaved in days. His clothes are wrinkled.

The SENIOR PARTNER, familiar to us from Ray's triumphant ad meeting, paces with his phone to his ear. Seeing Ray, he clicks off, greatly relieved.

SENIOR PARTNER

Ray, where the hell have you been? Your phone's not on.

(peering at him closely)

Jesus, look at you. Are you okay?

RAY

Not really, no. Todd, I apologize. I've let you down.

SENIOR PARTNER

What are you talking about?

RAY

Hancock and I... we're not working together anymore. And, uh...

SENIOR PARTNER

You serious? Why not?

RAY

Long story. At any rate, since this whole thing was my idea, I seriously doubt he's showing up.

(off the man's confusion)

I'm sorry. If you want, I'll make the announcement.

SENIOR PARTNER

Ray, Hancock's about to step onstage. He's raring to go.

He points toward the wings. Ray frowns. He can't believe what he's hearing. The Senior Partner shrugs.

SENIOR PARTNER

I'm just out here looking for you.

Growing angry, Ray excuses himself and marches to the wings.

103

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

103

Hancock stands in his uniform and cape with protective TISSUES tucked in his collar. A MAKEUP ARTIST applies final touches.

HANCOCK

Is this shit gonna freeze on my face? I'm flying to the moon from here.

MAKEUP ARTIST

I couldn't tell you. That's an issue that doesn't usually come up.

Ray enters at a clip. Hancock shoots him a sideward glance.

RAY

You're going through with this?

HANCOCK

Yeah. Why wouldn't I?

RAY

B-Because...

(not sure, but angry)

... Because the entire thing was my idea!

HANCOCK

Oh. Oh, I'm sorry, they must have taken down the giant billboard with my face on it. They musta switched it over to a big picture of you.

(peeks around the curtain)

Huh. Nope. Still me up there.

Ray is livid. A STAGE MANAGER hurries by, addressing them.

STAGE MANAGER

Two minutes --

RAY

(to the makeup artist)

Could you excuse us, please?

The woman pulls the tissues out of Hancock's collar, exits. Ray struggles to keep his voice low, but he is pissed.

RAY

You son of a bitch -- they only wanna see you because of everything I did! Who thought to put you in tights and a cape? Who taught you not to be an asshole every waking minute?! I made them love you!

(getting louder)

This is how you repay me? By having sex with my wife?! --

The Stage Manager overhears this in passing, raises an eyebrow. Ray clams up and tries to get a grip on himself.

HANCOCK

You know... she's old enough to be your great-great-great-great-great-great... great-great-great-great-great-great...

Ray burns. Hancock pauses to count on his fingers.

HANCOCK

... Great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother. At least. I probably left out, like, two hundred of 'em.

(makes a face)

That is just wrong. Besides, I was here first. She didn't cheat on you with me. She was cheating on me with you. Way I see it. I'm the injured party here.

Before Ray can argue it further, the emcee, RYAN SEACREST, approaches Hancock. Lots of energy.

RYAN SEACREST

Okay, I think we're about to start. I wanted to say by the way -- big, big fan.

(MORE)

RYAN SEACREST (cont'd)
I've got a friend whose mom's cousin you
saved during a holdup, so...

HANCOCK
Thanks.

RYAN SEACREST
(to Ray)
Hi. Ryan. Nice to see you.
(to Hancock)
Basically, I'll go out there, intro
Mariah, in turn she'll intro you, then
you'll come out and show the world what a
hero is.

Hancock nods, the two of them turning their backs on Ray. Out
front, the lights rise. We hear the audience getting anxious.
Seacrest jogs in place and lolls his neck.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and Gentlemen... Nike, the world's
foremost athletic wear company, is proud
to welcome you to tonight's launch -- and
we do mean "launch" -- of The Hancock
Foundation. Please say hello to your
master of ceremonies, Ryan Seacrest!

This whole thing sticks in Ray's craw. He can't take any more.
Just as Seacrest starts out of the wings, Ray runs past him and
GRABS the MIKE out of his hand.

RYAN SEACREST
HEY! --

Before anybody can stop Ray...

104 EXT. ONSTAGE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

104

... He steps onto the stage. A SPOTLIGHT hits him. Ray stands
in it blinking, squinting out at this growing sea of people.
There must be five thousand of them, all of whom are wondering:
where's the host of "American Idol?"

RAY
You folks came tonight to see a hero,
didn't you?
(after the loud cheers)
Yeah. You came to see a tough guy.
Strong and fearless, fighting crime.
That's a hero, right?
(more cheers)
Yeah? Well, let me tell you what a hero
isn't.

He glances into the wings at Hancock, who peers out at him.
Beside Hancock, Ryan Seacrest and the Stage Manager are
frantically motioning for Ray to get off.

RAY

A hero isn't selfish. A hero isn't someone who thinks only of his needs, his desires. A hero doesn't try to ease his loneliness by hurting his good friends. By wrecking their lives. By stabbing them in the back!

The crowd quiets down -- what the hell kind of introduction is this? Hancock glares at Ray, stung.

RAY

Oh, and you know what else a hero doesn't do? This one is definitely a deal-breaker. A hero doesn't screw his best friend's WI --

-- Ray's microphone SQUEALS and goes dead. He taps at it, but meanwhile the SPOTLIGHT sweeps off him and lands on Ryan Seacrest, who jogs out on stage with another mike.

Security hustles Ray off while Seacrest gets things going.

RYAN SEACREST

Hey, thanks for that warm-up! Fun stuff.
Everybody ready to party?
(the crowd cheers again)
Then please welcome... MARIAH CAREY!

The curtain rises behind him, revealing MARIAH CAREY in the spotlight. Wild APPLAUSE as her BAND begins a thumping DRUMBEAT.

MARIAH CAREY

How's everyone doing tonight? --
(cheers)
I said HOW'S EVERYBODY DOING? --

LOUDER CHEERS. She jogs to one edge of the stage, where several rolls of RED MYLAR SHEETING stand like columns. These things are enormous -- thirty feet high. Mariah thumps one with her hand.

MARIAH CAREY

You know, they tell me these things weigh six thousand, seven hundred pounds. Each! And two hours from now... they're gonna be on the MOON!

105 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

105

The CHEERING of the audience echoes back here. Hancock walks down a staircase that descends beneath the stage. Halfway down, he pauses... and looks at his hand. He squeezes it into a fist.

MARIAH CAREY (O.S.)

How'd you like to meet the man who's gonna put 'em up there? Huh?

Hancock opens his hand, flexes it. Stares at it with unease. something is worrying him now.

106 EXT. STAGE AND AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS

106

Mariah Carey crosses back to center stage.

MARIAH CAREY

Whaddya say? Let's see if we can get him
to come out here!

Off to one side, Security ejects Ray from the VIP area. Ray slogs through the crowd, meaning to get out of here, but people are shoulder-to-shoulder. It's like trying to swim up a waterfall. Ray gives up and bitterly watches the show.

The band cranks up. Mariah Carey SINGS her heart out. The crowd goes nuts. But where is Hancock? When's he gonna appear?

Now. Because as we watch, the stage slowly RISES...

... Revealing HANCOCK underneath. Hancock balances the ENTIRE BAND -- drum kit, keyboards, BACKUP SINGERS, the whole schmear -- over his head, supporting it like Atlas in his two mighty arms.

As the crowd gasps in astonishment, Hancock floats up into the air, slowly FLYING the singing rock band up OVER THE AUDIENCE! Criss-crossed SPOTLIGHTS illuminate him.

Thunderous APPLAUSE. Five thousand people gawk heavenward. Camera flashes TWINKLE like an acre of fireflies. Ray alone doesn't clap -- he simply watches, mute and miserable.

What a spectacle. Up on the floating stage, Mariah Carey hits a long high note. Guitars wail, conga pound, backup singers sing. The Jumbotrons intercut close-ups of her, the band and Hancock. It's tremendous. Glorious.

Muscles bulging, keeping things in precise control, Hancock hovers above the crowd, gazing at it. The butterflies in his stomach settle down. *It's cool. Everything's cool.*

Hancock looks to his hand, flexed against the underside of the stage. Ever so slightly, it begins to TREMBLE.

Hancock frowns at it. Now his whole arm is trembling. Shaking. Both arms. It's as if... as if this weight is suddenly TOO HEAVY for him. His eyes go wide.

HANCOCK

Oh shit.

And then -- WHOOOSH! He's FALLING BACKWARDS out of the sky!

Hancock grits his teeth and fights hard, slowing his descent. But he's flying like crap now, losing altitude.

Something is terribly wrong. The stage is wobbling and Mariah and her band are hanging on for dear life. A KEYBOARD goes sliding off. Directly below, the crowd freaks and scatters.

Ray stands with his mouth agape. The crowd stampedes past him. He heads in the opposite direction, toward the mayhem.

With his last ounce of superhuman effort, Hancock manages to steer back to the main stage. He THUDS down onto it, just in time -- the riser he's balancing SQUASHES down on top of him.

It TIPS SIDEWAYS, dumping the band and its instruments right into what's left of the audience. Electric guitars CATERWAUL with feedback. The bass drum goes bouncing away, bowling people over.

Nobody is hurt, not badly, but it's bedlam. It's one gigantic, screaming MESS. Mariah Carey picks herself up off the ground. She's furious. *Where's that asshole superhero?!* Hancock crawls out from under the wreckage, turns and yanks free his cape.

Hancock looks around, bewildered. Scared. He locks eyes with Ray, who comes running up onto the stage beside him.

HANCOCK

Ray... what's happening to me..?

Ray has no idea. A sickening CRR-REEAK now turns everybody's attention -- the damage of Hancock's impact has weakened the stage beneath the nearest roll of RED MYLAR.

It FALLS like a redwood, straight at RAY. Hancock SHOVES him out of its path, saving his life. Instinctively, Hancock stands his ground and puts his arms up to stop it...

... But it SMACKS HIM like a sledgehammer. The Mylar bundle -- all six thousand, seven hundred pounds of it -- comes to rest on top of Hancock, squashing him out of sight. Only one gray-clad FOOT pokes in view, twitching slightly.

Bug-eyed with concern, Ray jumps up and puts his shoulder to the Mylar, straining to roll it off Hancock. ROADIES and security guards pitch in to help. Off everyone working to free Hancock:

107 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

107

BANG! Double doors fly open and a gurney gets rolled in by a team of NURSES and DOCTORS. Hancock lies atop it, bruised and battered -- drifting in and out of consciousness.

Ray follows close behind. Once the team rolls Hancock into a treatment bay, Ray gets stopped at the door.

NURSE

Sir, you can't come in here.

The woman shuts the doors on him. Ray stands here, staring in through the small window.

He watches a doctor use a pair of shears on Hancock's superhero uniform, cutting a long slit up the right sleeve.

Ray's POV: CLOSE ON Hancock's bare arm -- an IV needle gets inserted in his vein, PUNCTURING his skin without difficulty.

Ray turns away from this sight. He wanders back the way he came, feeling numb. Befuddled. He's not angry anymore, not exactly. He doesn't know what to think or feel.

Hancock has saved his life -- again. Yet, Hancock had sex with his wife. Yet, Mary and Hancock were together a millennium before Ray was even born.

These are thoughts that mess with a man's head. Ray, with his thousand-yard stare, steps through the doorway to find...

108 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

108

... Dozens of REPORTERS wait here. They're on Ray in a flash.

REPORTERS

Ray Embrey! Mr. Embrey! --

(surrounding him)

What happened to Hancock? -- What is his condition? -- What caused it? -- Can you describe what happened?

On and on, jostling and calling out questions over top of one another. Finally:

RAY

Hancock lost his powers.

They quiet down. Ray shrugs. Shakes his head.

RAY

They're gone.

Head down, he walks out the exit into the night. Reporters follow him, shouting questions anew.

109 INT. HOSPITAL - HANCOCK'S ROOM - MORNING

109

A TV on the wall broadcasts the news. We see footage of CIVIC UNREST, shot mostly at night: RIOT POLICE, a cop car on fire, LOOTERS hauling merchandise out of a trashed store.

REPORTER'S VOICE (ON TV)

-- Outbreaks of violence. Police, already stretched thin after last night's mass jail escape, concede that rioting and looting are widespread across LA County, occurring even in areas ordinarily known for their low crime rate.

We ADJUST to find Hancock in his hospital bed, attached to monitors, IVs and such. He looks like he's been fed through a diesel-powered ass-kicking machine. Twice.

He's banged to shit -- taped ribs, busted collarbone, arm in a sling. Cuts on his cheek and forehead are stitched and butterflied. He's got a faceful of scrapes and bruises and one eye is swollen shut. Every breath burns like fire.

REPORTER'S VOICE (ON TV)
With Hancock hospitalized, criminals are clearly celebrating. How long will this continue? Will it get worse? Back to you, Chuck.

The news disturbs Hancock. He doesn't want to hear any more. With his "good" hand, he fumbles at the remote, tapping it uselessly -- and each time he does so, it hurts like fuck.

AAARGH! He manages to click off the TV just as MARY steps into his room, surprising him.

Mary winces and has to look away -- it hurts so much to see him like this. But Hancock is grateful she's come.

Mary lowers her eyes to an object she holds in her hands. She worries it with her fingers, nervous to be here.

MARY
I thought maybe.... something to take your mind off things.

She opens what she's brought, setting it atop a nearby rolling tray. It's a TRAVEL CHESS SET. Hancock speaks with difficulty -- it aches to talk, and his voice is hoarse.

HANCOCK
You play chess?

MARY
Actually... a thousand years ago... I created it. For you.
(off his surprise)
You and I played a lot back then.

He can only take her word for it. He coughs painfully -- loses his voice for a moment. Mary sits on the end of his bed, staring at nothing in particular. Looking lost.

MARY
Oh, God... what are we gonna do?

Hancock clears his throat. Asks the million-dollar question:

HANCOCK
Mary. Why am I so weak?

MARY

(a beat)

You're not weak. You're mortal. This is what it's like. I always have trouble adjusting to it, too.

She pulls up her pant leg, showing him a BRUISE on her calf.

MARY

Last night I bumped into the coffee table. It hurt like hell.

HANCOCK

Both of us are weak?

(corrects himself)

Mortal? Why? What happened?

MARY

(shrugs)

It's us. It's when we're together.

He squints at her. Doesn't understand.

MARY

It's like a sort of... spell is cast. Sometimes it kicks in right away, sometimes later. But eventually we weaken. We lose our powers.

Not good. Hancock contemplates this for a long beat.

HANCOCK

How do I get them back?

MARY

(a beat)

Do you really want to know?

HANCOCK

Yes.

MARY

You'll hate the answer. You always have -- throughout the last four thousand years.

HANCOCK

Mary! --

MARY

Alright. How you get your powers back is actually very simple. You just have to decide you want them more than you want me.

Hancock's face falls.

HANCOCK

What? No --

He says it so forcefully that he breaks into a fit of painful COUGHING. What he manages to say next comes hard. He finds it difficult to lay himself emotionally bare, but nonetheless:

HANCOCK

No. I-I love you, Mary. I'd never decide that.

MARY

You have before. A thousand times.

HANCOCK

No. Bullshit. I don't remember any of that, but I know how I feel.

(with difficulty)

These last sixty years I've wandered around, not knowing where I belong. Not knowing who or what I am. It's... it's lonely. Now, meeting you, knowing you're here... why would I ever leave you?

MARY

Because you always want to save the world.

There's deep sadness in her eyes as she touches his chest. Above his bandages, her finger traces two ancient SCARS.

MARY

See these? In June, 1907 you got stabbed twice trying to stop a bar fight. I sat with you through the night, praying you wouldn't die.

Hancock is silent. Mary points out a shiny BURN on his arm.

MARY

February of 1871. You pulled an old man out of a burning house. You were laid up for weeks, me changing bandages day in, day out.

(pained by the memory)

Every little scar is a story. I know them all. I don't want to live that again.

Her voice is quiet, but there's great emotion beneath it.

HANCOCK

How do you know I haven't changed? Who's to say we couldn't make it work this time?

MARY

Because every time you and I are together, you hate being mortal.

(MORE)

MARY (cont'd)

You fall back on old habits. Look for people to save. And either I leave you for fear you'll get yourself killed... or you leave me. Because you miss it too much. You feel you can't do what you were put here to do.

Hancock tries to recall all this. He can't. And he doesn't want to accept it as the truth. With bitterness:

HANCOCK

All I remember is... sixty years ago I got my skull fractured, didn't know who I was... and you stayed away. You left me in that hospital.

MARY

I did it for you. I thought you'd be happier.

(softly; sadly)

I thought you wouldn't miss what you didn't remember.

Hancock is moved by this story. Laid vulnerable.

HANCOCK

So, what now? Please don't tell me you still mean to go back to Ray.

MARY

I love Ray. Deeply. That'll never change. I love Aaron. They let me feel needed. Human.

Hancock stares at her intently. She finally lowers her eyes.

MARY

But I'm not human. And it's not fair to them.

She says this with profound sadness. With resignation.

MARY

I try to fit in here. You have no idea how hard. All these lies I tell myself. But you and I are two of a kind. And as powerful as we are separately... there's always something bigger pulling us together. Like gravity. Trapping us.

(confused and tired)

I don't know. I don't know. I fight it, but maybe it's pointless.

HANCOCK

Mary, it's destiny. Why fight it?

She fixes him with a cold gaze.

MARY

You're such a goddamned broken record, and you don't even remember.

(exasperated)

When we stay together, we age. Just like everybody else. If we stay together long enough, eventually we'll grow old and die. That's what happened to all the others like us. Me, I could live with that just fine. But how about you?

Hancock opens his mouth to speak, but she cuts him off.

MARY

-- Don't get all romantic on me. Think it through before you answer.

He shuts his mouth. Big question. She studies him closely.

MARY

Understand what you'd really be giving up. Make one simple choice and you're back flying through the air, kicking butt, defacing the moon for big corporations...

(sarcastic)

Bliss.

This cutting sarcasm, this bitterness tells us somewhere deep down inside, she really would like for him to choose her. Hancock realizes it.

HANCOCK

Goddamn. You don't even know yourself what it is you really want.

He's not being mean -- he feels sorry for her. Mary lets out that little snort that's halfway between laughing and crying. She doesn't deny it.

MARY

Just... please. Don't choose lightly. It's my life you're playing with too.

With that, she stands up and leaves. Hancock stares after her, doing exactly what she asked. Thinking hard.

110 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

110

Mary steps into the hall, stands here a long moment. She's emotionally exhausted. She's tired of making decisions.

111 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

111

We hear KEYS jingle in the door. Mary enters, shutting it behind her. She crosses toward the stairs, but then pauses, seeing...

... Ray. He sits alone in the living room. He's still in his clothes from last night. He's been waiting here, thinking.

RAY

Hey.

MARY

Hey.

(a beat; motions upstairs)

Just gonna... pack up a few things.

Before she can walk away...

RAY

Mary...

Again, she pauses. Ray hesitates, fretting at the chair arm with his thumbnail.

RAY

Why is it you don't do what he does? Fly around saving lives?

(shrug)

Why did you stop... being an angel?

No attitude -- he just wants to know. Mary considers. She sits down on the stairs. They're across the room from each other.

MARY

You don't need us anymore. This late in the game, humans can make the world a paradise if they choose to.

(a beat)

That's your purpose here. Mine, at this point, is to not get in the way.

RAY

Some people still need saving.

MARY

People always need saving. But there's different ways to do it. Me, I'd rather be a teacher than a cop.

(quieter)

Rather be a Mom.

RAY

(a beat; softly)

You've been that to Aaron. The best.

Mary has cried enough already. Ray stands up, wanders closer. He tries hard to find the right words.

RAY

I don't know if I can ever get my mind around this thing. Who you are and what you are --

MARY

-- I'm not asking you to. I want to make this as easy on you and Aaron as I can.

RAY

No, no, let me finish. My head is spinning, up is down... and yet I keep thinking...

(shrugs; looks to her)

... What the hell does it matter? I love you, Mary. I know that much.

She looks to him, surprised and grateful to hear it.

RAY

That's all I really need to understand. Isn't it?

(off her silence)

Stay with me, Mary. Don't leave.

Off Mary, not knowing what to say to this...

112 INT. HOSPITAL - HANCOCK'S ROOM - DAY

112

Hancock lies in bed, aching all over -- and still thinking hard. Running the angles. Examining his deepest feelings.

We CREEP IN TIGHT on him as he finally reaches a DECISION.

He unclips the pulse monitor. He pulls loose his IV. Growling from the pain, he eases his legs over the side of the bed.

Oh Christ, that hurts! Steeling himself for what comes next, he grunts and manages to slowly rise to his feet. He stands swaying a moment, but luckily he doesn't fall down.

His unhooked heart monitor is FLAT-LINING. A young DUTY NURSE hurries into the room.

DUTY NURSE

Mr. Hancock, what are you doing? --

HANCOCK

Getting the hell outta here.

DUTY NURSE

Oh no. Let's get you back in bed, okay?

She takes hold of his arm. He winces and pulls away.

HANCOCK

Ow. Shit! Lemme alone, wouldja?

He shuffles across the room in his hospital gown. He yanks open a wardrobe. All that's inside is his tattered UNIFORM and CAPE. It hangs limply from a plastic hanger.

He stares at it, dissatisfied. It isn't gonna do.

113 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

113

A TV, sound turned down, shows the news. It's more footage of LOOTING, plus a crowd of thugs FLIPPING a POLICE CAR on its side. The burn-in reads "CRIME SWEEPS THE SOUTHLAND."

REPORTERS still hang out here in the lobby, waiting to glean whatever they can about Hancock's condition. They drink coffee and doze and talk on their phones. Not expecting any news to be forthcoming, it takes them a moment to register...

... That Hancock, still in his hospital gown, limps into the lobby amongst them.

The reporters scramble to their feet and grab their cameras. A man on a mission, Hancock addresses them all.

HANCOCK

First one of you gets me a shirt and a pair of pants -- I'll answer any question you got.

Off this:

114 EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD - DAY

114

Wide on the Valley, and Downtown LA beyond. Several wisps of BLACK SMOKE stretch up into the sky. BLUE LIGHTS twinkle and distant SIRENS wail. Cop cars and fire trucks can be seen speeding in every direction.

Down below on Ventura Boulevard, a TAXI motors along.

115 INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

115

Hancock is the lone passenger in the backseat. He wears new jeans and a t-shirt. He's got his old superhero uniform in a grocery bag. It still aches to breathe, but he toughs it out. He glances out the window as an AMBULANCE blares past.

Hancock catches his Sudanese CABBIE eyeing him in the rearview mirror -- studying him with burning curiosity.

HANCOCK

Speed it up, wouldja?

The man does as he's told, driving faster.

116 EXT. STUDIO CITY - DAY

116

The taxi just misses a green light and has to stop at an intersection. Art's Deli is here. This is normally a decent neighborhood.

117 INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

117

The taxi idles at the red light. Outside, a COMMOTION draws the Cabbie's attention, and Hancock's.

On the sidewalk, an OLD WOMAN gets her purse snatched by two young PUNKS. She holds on for dear life, but they wrestle it away. They run off laughing while she yells for help.

OLD WOMAN
SOMEBODY STOP THEM! POLICE! --

Hancock watches out the window, torn. He feels eyes on him -- he catches the immigrant Cabbie staring at him in the mirror again. This fellow expects him to spring into action.

HANCOCK
Sorry, man. I'm retired.

The Cabbie is troubled to hear it. He's disappointed in him. Off Hancock, trying his best not to give a shit...

118 EXT. STUDIO CITY - CONTINUOUS

118

The light turns green and the taxi drives on out of frame. And only now do we notice the dark TAHOE behind it.

As it slowly passes us by, we focus on the man riding shotgun. It's WHITEY -- the creepy, wall-eyed inmate Hancock met in jail. Today he's in street clothes, a free man.

Whitey is feeling good. Anticipating. His truck follows Hancock's taxi at a distance, shadowing it.

119 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - DAY

119

CLOSE ON a pair of sneakered FEET as they painfully hoist themselves out of the back of the taxi and onto the curb.

We WIDEN to reveal Hancock supporting himself on the car door as he groans and stands up out of the cab. He shuts the door and limps across the front yard. He carries the paper bag with his uniform in it.

The taxi motors away in b.g. We PULL BACK with Hancock as he laboriously makes his way toward the house. Every step feels like a box cutter jabbing him in his ribs. Still, he's determined to be here.

What we see -- but he doesn't -- is the dark TAHOE pulling to the curb behind him.

Hancock climbs the steps... *Ouch, Ouch, Ouch...* up to Ray's front door. He rings the bell impatiently. Meanwhile...

... Whitey and his CREW climb out of their truck in background. They're in no particular hurry. We count FIVE men in all.

The Embrey's front door opens, revealing Mary -- and Ray standing behind her. They're both shocked to see Hancock.

MARY

Why are you out of the hospital?!

HANCOCK

I decided. I want you. I don't give a shit about any of the rest of it.
(nods to Ray behind her)
Hey, Ray. Sorry, man.

Ray stares at Hancock, then says to his wife meaningfully:

RAY

Mary...?

Mary looks from Ray to Hancock. The two men look from one another to her. They're both asking her to make a very thorny, very difficult decision here. But we'll never learn her answer. Because now...

... Her attention turns to the FIVE hard-eyed CONS who are walking toward them across the front yard.

MARY

Who's this?

Hancock turns to look over his shoulder. *Oh shit.*

HANCOCK'S POV: we glimpse Whitey, REDHEAD and a couple of other guys we recognize. But mainly, we see MAN-MOUNTAIN, the WWF-size mofo who tried to attack Hancock back in jail.

MAN-MOUNTAIN is the last thing we see as he comes bounding up the steps at us, cocking back one Virginia ham-sized FIST.

It hurtles straight at us. BAM! Lights out. CUT TO BLACK.

120

INT. EMBREY HOUSE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

120

We FADE UP on an image of SOFT-FOCUS mush. The picture SHARPENS to reveal Hancock lying on his stomach, his face smushed into the living room rug.

Men's FEET step into frame, surrounding him. Hancock's eyes flicker open.

HANCOCK'S DUTCH-ANGLE POV: Mary and Ray sit on the nearby sofa. Two of Whitey's four HENCHMEN hold them at gunpoint. We remember these two guys from the bank robbery -- one was a SAFECRACKER, and the other, the SHOOTER.

Mary and Ray stare down at Hancock, wide-eyed with anxiety. They both fear for his life.

Hancock manages to roll onto his back. Oh Sweet Jumping Jesus, he's in pain. Man-Mountain prods him with the toe of his boot.

MAN-MOUNTAIN

How's it feel, tough guy? Huh? How's it feel to have nothing?

We see it in Hancock's eyes -- it feels piss-bucket lousy. Still, he's not about to make this prick's day.

HANCOCK

I dunno, Sasquatch. How's it feel when you're humpin' the mailman's leg?

Man-Mountain plants one heel on Hancock's chest and slowly SQUEEZES his broken ribs. Hancock's teeth grit in AGONY.

MARY

Stop it! STOP! --

She starts to jump up, but Ray restrains her before she gets belted or shot. Only as Hancock reaches the point of blacking out again does the big man finally ease off.

Now it's Redhead's turn. We recall him as the mastermind behind the bank robbery. He hunkers down beside Hancock.

REDHEAD

Hey. Remember me?

To help jog Hancock's memory, he holds up his new PROSTHETIC HOOK. It replaces his HAND Hancock cut off foiling the robbery. Hancock winces -- *oh, crap*.

HANCOCK

Nice can opener. How do you wipe?

Redhead jabs Hancock with his steel hook. OW! Ray blurts out:

RAY

What do you guys want? Money? Ransom?
What?! --

Whitey looks up from across the room. He's got the phone to his ear. He pauses dialing.

WHITEY

What do we want?

MARY

Yes. What do you want?

Whitey shrugs -- *isn't it obvious?*

WHITEY

I want this.

He indicates Hancock lying beat-up and helpless at their feet.

WHITEY

I want this... and I wanna share it with the world.

Mary and Ray look to one another, fearful. Redhead picks up the statue of the Indian fertility god -- the one with the gigantic WANG. Frowning, he taps it with his prosthetic hook and accidentally breaks off the penis.

WHITEY

(into phone)

News Director, please.

(waits a beat)

Yeah, hi. I just wanted you to know I'm holding Hancock hostage and I'm gonna kill him. It's definitely something your viewers won't want to miss.

Alarmed, Mary looks to Hancock. He tries to think fast. Whitey leans down and holds the phone to Hancock's mouth.

WHITEY

Say hi to the guys from Channel Four.

HANCOCK

Kiss my ass, jagoff.

Man-Mountain and Redhead both step on his arms, making him YELL OUT. Whitey lifts the phone back to his own ear.

WHITEY

Did you catch that?

(listens a beat)

Well, just as soon as you get some cameras over here. The address is...

He glances around, finds a piece of Ray's mail to refer to.

WHITEY

... 9809 Cradock Avenue, Sherman Oaks.

Hurry now. Get those choppers in the air.

He hangs up, grins down at Hancock -- *told you I'd get you.*

RAY
C'mon, don't do this. Please.
(off their laughter)
Why? Why do this?

WHITEY
Because I don't like how he gives you
people hope.

Whitey turns his attention back to the phone, calling another TV station.

Hancock attempts to get up, but Man-Mountain stomps him back down with his boot. Desperately trying to figure a way out of this situation, Hancock is coming up snake-eyes.

Mary knows what has to be done, however. She leans forward, speaks to him with quiet intensity.

MARY
Hancock, remember our conversation? About
why you're so weak?

REDHEAD
Shut her up.

One of the Henchmen grabs Mary by the shoulder and roughly pulls her back into her seat. Ray jumps to her defense.

RAY
GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER! --

The other Henchman presses the muzzle of his pistol into Ray's cheek, freezing him. Mary looks from Ray to Hancock, deathly afraid for them both.

MARY
Hancock? Change your mind about me.

HANCOCK
No. Hell, no!

MARY
Do it!

HANCOCK
(meaning Whitey)
'Cause of that piece of shit?! No!

WHITEY
Shut... up. Everybody.

Crossing the room toward them, Whitey KICKS Hancock in the ribs. Mary tries to jump up again, but she and Ray have guns to their skulls. They'd better do as they're told.

Redhead glances at the paper bag Hancock brought. With his hook, he lifts the UNIFORM and CAPE into view. He grins with delight.

REDHEAD
Hey, check it out!

Whitey takes the uniform, holds it up and admires it.

WHITEY
Oooh. Yeah. Won't this be the perfect touch.

Off Whitey, grinning slyly at his crew...

121 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

121

Thirty minutes have passed. The Embrey's little house is quiet. Not so the neighborhood around it, however.

EIGHT NEWS CHOPPERS hover overhead, filling the air with their oppressive turbine drone. POLICE CARS are parked zig-zag on the street in front of the house. COPS take cover behind them. It looks like a siege.

Further back, four or five SATELLITE UPLINK TRUCKS sit with their booms extended up over the rooftops. TV CAMERAMEN work from tripods, not taking their eyes off their eyepieces.

Back a little further, behind a police line, a crowd of ONLOOKERS is growing. People stand motionless.

All eyes are on the house. Everyone watches it. Waits.

Off the expectant silence...

... BOOOM! Hancock comes BUSTING THROUGH the plywood-patched HOLE in the front of the house! He lands in a Raggedy-Andy heap, face down in the front lawn. He's wearing his UNIFORM. His tattered cape wafts down over him, covering his head.

Onlookers GASP. Cameramen zoom in. Choppers hover closer.

Man-Mountain stands in the hole in the house, having just THROWN Hancock through it. He, Whitey and Redhead jump down into the front yard. They're taking their time, enjoying themselves. It's fun to be TV stars.

Hancock rises to his knees, but Whitey kicks him in the butt, dumping him flat in the grass again.

Across the yard, the COPS don't like what they're seeing. They take aim at Whitey and his crew, rising up from behind their cruisers. The familiar LAPD SERGEANT steps around with his shotgun aimed. RACKS the pump.

SERGEANT
STEP AWAY FROM HIM! --

Hancock holds up a hand, waving for the cops to keep away.

HANCOCK
They got hostages in the house! They'll
shoot them! Stay back!

Whitey smiles and nods at the cops -- *I couldn't have said it better myself.* The officers look to each other, uneasy.

Whitey grabs Hancock by his cape and hauls him to his feet.

WHITEY
Okay, Lion Tamer. Let's put on a show.
(motions to the cameramen)
Move up! Get a nice, tight shot of your
hero here!

He jerks Hancock around, arranging him for the cameras. He carefully lines him up so Man-Mountain can haul off and PUNCH the SHIT out of him. BAM! Now Redhead gets in a few shots with his good hand. Hancock's eyes roll back in his head.

The crowd of onlookers wince. One cameraman even lifts his face away from his camera, slack-jawed. People hate to see this. It hurts them. They don't want their hero weak.

122 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

122

Mary and Ray still sit on the sofa, the two Henchmen holding them at gunpoint. All four of them watch these proceedings on LIVE TV, where every last PUNCH and KICK is captured crystal-clear. The Henchman dig this better than a Vin Diesel movie. They wish they had some popcorn.

Ray can't watch. He turns away, hurting for Hancock.

RAY
Mary, don't look.

We PUSH IN on Mary, despairing. Desperate. She can't not watch. She mutters under her breath, almost like a prayer:

MARY
C'mon. You know what you have to do.

123 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

123

Hancock's head lolls around as he gets POUNDED. But he is pissed... and that alone briefly carries him. He yanks loose from Whitey and KICKS Redhead in the nuts! Then he PUNCHES Whitey! Then he PUNCHES Man-Mountain -- once, twice, three times! Beautiful. The crowd CHEERS!

124 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

124

Seeing all this on the TV, Ray pumps his fist -- Yesss! The two Henchmen frown. Mary gains a little hope.

But then, as they watch... Hancock FALLS DOWN. And the three bad guys are left standing. They're barely hurt -- except maybe Redhead. The excitement leaks out of Mary and Ray.

125 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

125

The same goes for the cops and the crowd outside. They root for Hancock to get back up, yet they're rapidly losing all hope. Whitey dabs the blood on his lip. He looks to Man-Mountain, who gingerly checks his own bloody nose. They glance to the cameras, hating the fact that they're bleeding on live TV.

Oh, yeah... now they're really gonna fuck Hancock up.

Whitey rares back and KICKS him in the head. Man-Mountain grabs his cape and SWINGS him by it, spinning Hancock around and around like the Olympic hammer-throw event.

Hancock lands hard in the street. He tries to crawl away, but Man-Mountain stands on his cape, stopping him. Hancock sits here on his hands and knees, panting. Aching all over. Half-dead. Walking around face-to-face with him, Whitey draws a shiny PISTOL from the back of his waistband.

WHITEY

(to Redhead)

Back up a little. Don't block the cameras.

Redhead does as he's told, grinning cruelly. Whitey aims his gun at Hancock's head. The crowd GASPS.

126 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

126

Mary shuts her eyes -- please, no. Ray can't believe this is happening.

127 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

127

The cops again take aim at Whitey and his henchman, wanting to save Hancock -- but again, Hancock limply waves them off.

WHITEY

(to Hancock)

Put your hands together. Beg me not to do this.

HANCOCK

Keep dreaming, shitball.

WHITEY

Do it. Maybe I'll let you go.

(yells to the cameras)

ZOOM IN! --

(back to Hancock)

See, this thing needs to end with you pleading for your life. I don't want anyone drawing the wrong conclusions: that you were heroic to the last, that you were some half-assed martyr.

(with naked contempt)

They need to forget you were ever here.

HANCOCK

Fuck... You.

Whitey has a thought. He nods toward the house.

WHITEY

How about Loudmouth and her husband? You want them to die too?

Hancock's reaction tells Whitey he's struck a big nerve.

WHITEY

That's right. They're both dead unless you beg me.

Hancock can't stand this. Can't stand being forced into this position.

HANCOCK

N-Not... not... not fair.

WHITEY

That's a start. Get emotional. Squirt a few for the folks at home.

HANCOCK

Not fair. Making me choose.

128 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

128

Mary and Ray sit riveted to the TV. Mary holds her breath and nods -- *Please! Do it! Now!*

129 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

129

Hancock PUNCHES the pavement beneath him, furious. Hurts his knuckles. He tears at the asphalt with his fingernails. This is a cosmic injustice, and he can't bear it. His eyes tear up. He cries out with frustration. But he knows what he has to do.

Whitey thumbs back the hammer. CLI-CLICK! Savoring this moment, he takes careful aim.

WHITEY

Yeah. I'll settle for you crying like a little bitch.

Hancock stops fighting it. Finally... he CHOOSES. Suddenly, his fingers DIG INTO the rock-hard asphalt as if it were spongecake. Seeing this, he slowly raises his baleful eyes.

He GRABS the barrel of Whitey's gun. Whitey FIRES --

-- BOOM! A white-hot MUZZLE FLASH jets out between Hancock's fingers. The pistol BLOWS TO PIECES. Powder burns speckle Whitey's face. He drops his ruined gun, staggering backward.

Hancock rises to his feet. He cracks his neck sideways, waves out the FLAMES on his hand -- WHHU-WHUP! He's his OLD SELF.

130 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

130

Ray JUMPS to his feet, cheering the TV screen.

RAY

YEAH! --

Remembering the gun at his back, Ray quickly sits down again. Mary shuts her eyes with relief.

131 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

131

Out here, the crowd ERUPTS. The cops relax. Hancock is back.

Man-Mountain and Redhead freak. They draw their guns and empty them -- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! -- at Hancock's chest. The bullets simply bounce off. Once they're done:

HANCOCK

You through?

(to the nearby cops)

Don't let these two wander off. I'll be back for them in a minute.

The Sergeant grins and nods. Hancock turns to Whitey, who backs off, looking for somewhere to run. There's no escape.

HANCOCK

Let's go for a ride.

Hancock grabs him by his collar. Up, up and away they go, rocketing straight up into the SKY. A couple of hovering NEWS CHOPPERS have to peel off out of their way.

Once Hancock is gone, Man-Mountain and Redhead raise their hands and try to give themselves up to the police, who hold them here at gunpoint.

REDHEAD

Arrest us!

SERGEANT

Hell, no. You heard the man.

132 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

132

The two HENCHMEN stare at the TV, slack-jawed with dismay. One of them hurries to a window, peeking out through the curtains.

HENCHMAN

What the hell happened..?

Mary studies her hand. She slowly balls it into a tight fist, which CRACKS faintly.

She rises to her feet. The Henchmen both aim at her.

HENCHMAN

Sit down!

Mary doesn't. Instead, she walks right up to them, glaring at them coldly. They CLICK back their hammers.

RAY

(fearful)

Mary..?

SECOND HENCHMAN

Dammit, sit your ass DOWN! --

Mary PUNCHES the first Henchman, SLIDING him across the floor. The second Henchman only has time to look dumbfounded as -- SMACK! -- Mary SLAPS his gun out of his hand, EMBEDDING it in the sheetrock. With a lightning straight-arm, she sends him FLYING.

The dust settles. Mary looks to Ray -- You okay, Honey? Off Ray -- Whoa.

133 EXT. FIFTEEN THOUSAND FEET OVER LA - AFTERNOON

133

Back to Hancock and Whitey. They zoom straight up at us, Whitey YELLING the entire way. Hancock slows them to a stop. Brings them to a hover. Three miles below is Los Angeles. We can see clear from Castaic to Catalina.

Whitey looks down, bug-eyed. Hyperventilating.

HANCOCK

Can you still breathe?

Whitey manages a nod.

HANCOCK

Good. Wouldn't want you passing out on the way down.

With that, Hancock lets go and is GONE. ZOOOOM! We catch a glimpse of him whistling toward the ground at supersonic speed. Now Whitey is ALONE up here. And FALLING.

If we thought he was scared before, now he's ready to sky-write in brown. Off him screaming and flailing and tumbling toward earth...

134 EXT. OVER MARY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

134

Hancock thunders back toward the neighborhood, ripping the air around him. He keeps COUNT under his breath:

HANCOCK

One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi...

135 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

135

Man-Mountain and Redhead stare up and see him coming toward them. *Oh shit!* They try to run --

-- But Hancock is on them both in a flash, grabbing them up like a couple of housecats and holding them at arm's length.

Hancock nods to the LAPD Sergeant -- *open her up*. The Sarge complies, holding open the rear door of his police cruiser.

One-handed, Hancock effortlessly CHUCKS Redhead headlong across the front yard. It's like watching a side of beef get fired out of a cannon. Perfect aim: Redhead flies fifty feet and winds up -- swoosh, no net -- in the backseat of the cruiser. The car ROCKS sideways when he hits.

136 EXT. HIGH OVER LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

136

Whitey falls SCREAMING toward his doom. Terminal velocity. The ground is slowly getting BIGGER beneath him.

INTERCUT WITH:

137 EXT. EMBREY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

137

Back to where we left off: now it's Man-Mountain's turn. Hancock takes careful aim, winds back and THROWS this enormous man, just as he did Redhead...

... Only his aim is a bit off this time. BOOM! Man-Mountain PILE-DRIVES HEADFIRST into the side of the cop car, DENTING it. He hits the ground in a dazed heap.

Hancock cringes, then shrugs -- *whoops*. The crowd loves it.

HANCOCK
(still counts to himself)
... Nine Mississippi, ten Mississippi,
eleven Mississippi...

Leaving these bad guys for the cops to deal with, Hancock turns to see Mary and Ray stepping out of their house.

Hancock and Mary lock eyes. Hancock takes two paces toward her, but then pauses. Reconsiders. Stares at the ground. *This is agony, he's thinking. This is so goddamned unfair.*

QUICK CUT to Whitey: he's still whistling toward earth like an anvil. Still SCREAMING himself hoarse.

Mary slowly crosses to Hancock. He raises his eyes to her.

MARY
You chose right.

Hancock considers, shakes his head.

HANCOCK
No. This shit gets chosen for me.
Always. Every time.
(a beat)
But maybe someday...
(hopefully)
Maybe... a hundred years from now?

Mary smiles sadly. *Maybe.* Hancock manages a little smile in return. He looks to Ray, who joins them.

Ray puts his arm around Mary. It's bittersweet for Hancock to see this. But he accepts it.

HANCOCK
You're a lucky man, Ray.

Ray knows it.

HANCOCK
How I feel about her... I hope you understand, there's not a whole lot I can do about it. Except stay away.

RAY
(nods)
We love who we love.

HANCOCK
(a beat)
You and me. We good?

Ray considers. Hancock offers his hand. They shake on it. Ray looks to Mary, who is so thankful to still have him. Thankful that he does understand.

Hancock suddenly remembers something. He peers heavenward.

HANCOCK

'Scuse me a second.

He casually steps out of frame.

138 EXT. OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

138

Whitey is still SCREAMING and FALLING, but not for long. He plummets head-first past a hovering NEWS CHOPPER, barely missing its rotor blade. Below him, we see the neighborhood, the crowd, the cops -- everything is quickly getting bigger and bigger.

WHITEY

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

One hundred feet. Fifty. Twenty. The street rises up to smite us. Whitey is dead meat. He is toast. He shuts his eyes...

... But feels no impact. His SCREAMING peters into silence. CLOSE ON his cringing face -- we see nothing but blue sky behind it. What just happened?

Whitey opens his eyes, peers around. Now we get it.

Whitey dangles head-down, ten feet off the ground. Just beneath him, cops stand by their parked cruisers, staring up at him. Hancock hovers above, dangling Whitey by his ankle.

Alive! Just as Whitey breathes a ragged sigh of relief...

... CLOSE ON angry Hancock, who LETS GO of him. We hear an o.s. THUD as Whitey hits the ground. We hear him GROAN.

Touching down again in the yard, Hancock looks to Mary and Ray. He holds their gaze... then turns to the LAPD Sergeant.

HANCOCK

You guys good here? 'Cause I got a big mess to clean up all over town.

(said for Mary's benefit)

People to save. Shit like that.

The Sergeant nods, grateful to have him back. Hancock launches up, up and away, then does a low, rolling airshow pass over the APPLAUDING crowd. He ascends straight up like an F-18 on full afterburners and is quickly out of sight.

Off Mary and Ray staring after him...

139 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - AARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

139

It's a week or two later. Life has returned to normal. Aaron gets tucked into bed by Ray as smiling Mary fondly looks on. Aaron is so happy to have them back together.

RAY

G'night, buddy. Sweet dreams.

Ray leans in, kisses Aaron. Mary does too. Ray turns out the light as he and Mary leave.

140 INT. EMBREY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

140

Ray, now in sweatpants, climbs into bed as Mary moves through the bedroom in her oversized t-shirt, closing the window shades. As she reaches to pull the last shade, something in the night sky catches her attention. She gazes upward for a beat.

What she sees surprises her. It makes her shake her head... but then it makes her smile.

Mary pulls down the shade, then climbs into bed beside Ray.

141 EXT. THE LUNAR SURFACE - NIGHT

141

History's most famous FOOTPRINT fills frame, pressed into the gray powder. It's Neil Armstrong's one small step for man.

A SHADOW passes over it. A pair of stockinged FEET go by, kicking up dust. Wide to REVEAL...

Hancock is here on the MOON. Tiny ice crystals glitter on his face, in his eyelashes. In slow-motion due to the reduced gravity, he leans against the base of the Apollo 11 Lunar Lander.

Hancock eyes the beautiful EARTH overhead. Off him, wistfully taking it in, we CRANE UP to reveal...

... an endless plain of BRIGHT RED PLASTIC that comes to a stop beside the base of the lunar lander...

... we continue rising, DISSOLVING to...

142 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

142

A glorious shot of the entire moon, pockmarked by craters and mountainous ridges. In the middle of this sphere, the size of Texas, is the slightly crooked outline of a RED MYLAR HEART.

Off this, we FADE OUT.

THE END